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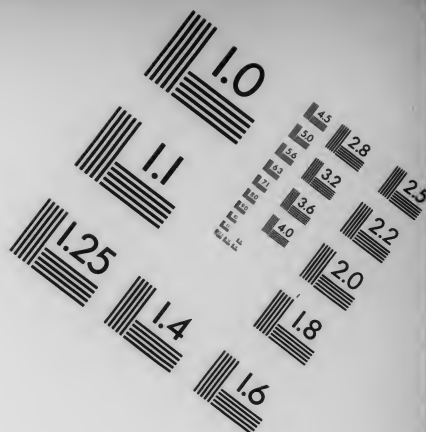
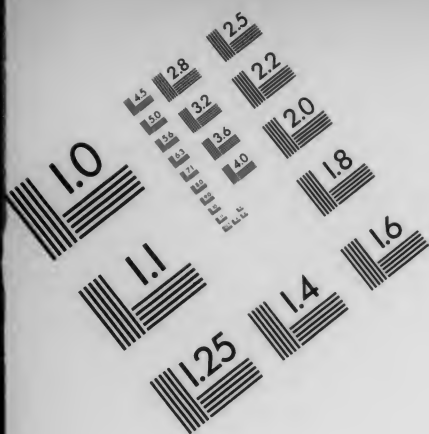


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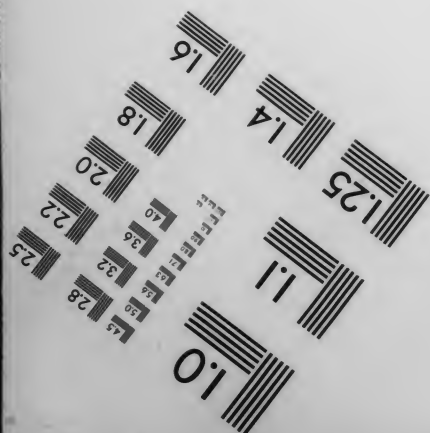
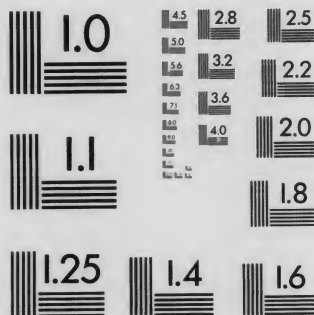
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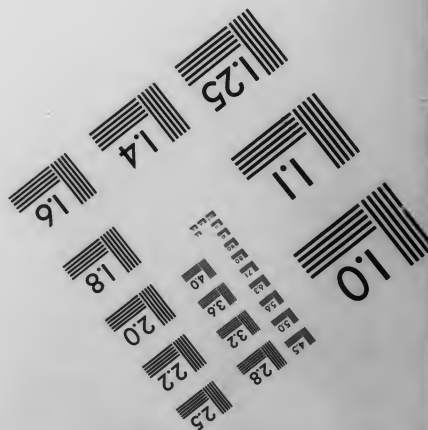
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THE
BIOGRAPHY

OF

LADY RUSSELL.

BY

MRS. CHILD,

AUTHOR OF 'HOPOMOK,' 'THE MOTHER'S BOOK,' &c.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

LADY RUSSELL.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."—*Prov.* xxxi. 29.

LADY RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY was the second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachel de Ruigny, of an ancient Hugonot family in France. She was born in 1636; her mother died in her infancy, and her father afterward married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh, created Earl of Chichester. Lord Clarendon informs us that the Earl of Southampton was "a very great man in all respects, and brought much reputation to the cause of Charles I. He owed no obligations to the court. On the contrary, he had undergone some hardships from it; and as he kept aloof from all intercourse with it, he was considered one of the peers most attached to the cause of the people, and was much courted by the popular party. He had a great dislike of the high courses which had been taken by the government, and a particular prejudice to the Earl of Strafford for some exorbitant proceedings. But when he saw the popular tide setting so violently against the government, perverting, as he thought, even the course of justice, Lord Southampton reluctantly allowed himself to be attached to the court-party. He was first made privy-counsellor, and soon after gentleman of the bed-chamber to the King. He had previously refused to sign the protestation of both houses of Parliament; and as they had voted that no man

who refused his signature should be capable of any pre-ferment in Church or State, he was believed to have accepted these offices merely to show how little he regarded the advisers of such measures. He went with the King to York and to Nottingham, was with him at Edge-hill, and came and staid with him at Oxford to the end of the war—taking all opportunities to advance all motions towards peace. Although a person naturally loving his ease, and allowing himself never less than ten hours' repose, yet during the conferences at Uxbridge, which lasted twenty days, he was never more than four hours in bed,"—so earnest was he to effect a union between king and parliament, as the only means of restoring tranquillity to his distracted country.

"Violence on one side, and obstinacy on the other, rendered his efforts of no avail; yet still the Earl of Southampton faithfully attended the daily diminishing court of the misguided Charles. After the King left Hampton Court, he remained some time at Tichfield, in the Earl of Southampton's house, and under the protection of his mother, the old Countess of Southampton." When Charles became a prisoner, in the power of his own provoked subjects, the Earl made every possible attempt to save him. He was one of the four faithful adherents who offered their own lives for the safety of the monarch, on the plea that they had been his counsellors, and therefore were alone worthy of punishment; and when at last the King's life was sacrificed to the liberty of the nation, he was one of those who asked and obtained permission to pay the last sad duty to his remains. After the execution of Charles I. he retired to his seat at Tichfield, and lived in great seclusion until the restoration of Charles II. All Cromwell's advances to friendship were promptly rejected; and "when the Protector was near his house, upon the occasion of Richard Cromwell's marriage, and had intent to visit him, the Earl, upon private notice thereof, immediately hastened to remove to another house at a greater distance."

Burnet tells us that he made large remittances to Charles II. during his exile. He styles him "A fast

friend to the public—the wise and virtuous Southampton, who deserved everything the King could give him." Such were the obligations which the Stuarts owed to the family of Southampton! But princes are apt to think the honour of serving them a sufficient recompense for all sacrifices; and none so shamefully forgot claims upon their gratitude as the profligate and selfish sons of Charles I.

The tyranny and extravagance of Charles II. could not, of course, be pleasing to the firm, but conscientious friend of his unfortunate father. Oldmixon says, "That right noble and virtuous peer, the Earl of Southampton, whose loyalty was not more exemplary than his love to his country, said to Chancellor Hyde, 'It is to *you* we owe all we either feel or fear; for if you had not possessed us in all your letters with such an opinion of Charles II., we would have taken care to have put it out of his power either to do himself or us any mischief, which is likely to result from our trusting him so entirely.'"

At the Restoration, the Earl of Southampton was made Lord High Treasurer—an office which he is said to have filled with great integrity and address. He died in 1667. The thoughtless and unfeeling King had been for some time desirous to snatch the treasurer's staff from his dying hand; for he was angry at one who uniformly refused to pay court to his unprincipled mistress the Duchess of Cleveland, and he felt ashamed to let such a man know the secrets of his political corruption.

"Of Lord Southampton's second marriage, one only, out of four daughters, survived him. She was first married to Joceline Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, and afterward to the Duke of Montague. As this daughter inherited her mother's estates, the whole of Lord Southampton's princely fortune was divided between the two surviving children of his first marriage, Elizabeth and Rachel. The Lady Elizabeth married Edward Noel, son of Viscount Campden, afterward created Earl of Gainsborough. The Lady Rachel was first married to Francis Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry; and afterward to Lord William Russell, son of

the Earl of Bedford." Her first marriage took place in 1653, when she was about seventeen years of age. According to the fashion of the day, this match was arranged by the parents; and perhaps Lady Russell's remark concerning such early unions was founded on her own experience: She says, "It is acceptance, rather than choosing, on either side."

We have no means of knowing how far Lady Vaughan's affections were concerned, but she was certainly a most exemplary wife; and by her blameless conduct, amiable temper, and cheerful disposition, gained the lasting attachment of all her husband's family. There is extant the copy of a letter written to her in 1655, when she was residing with Lord Vaughan, at his father's house in Wales,* which shows in what estimation she was held, even at that early period of her life:—

"DEAR MADAM,—There is not in the world so great a charm as goodness; and your Ladyship is the greatest argument to prove it. All that know you are thereby forced to honour you,—neither are you to thank them, because they cannot do otherwise. Madam, I am among that number, gladly and heartily I declare it; and I shall die in that number, because my observance of your virtue is inseparably annexed to it. I beseech you, Madam, to pardon this scribbling, and present your noble husband with my most affectionate service; and I shall in my prayers present you both to God, begging of him daily to increase your piety to Him, and your love to each other."

Little is known of Lord Vaughan's character and habits. The following letter to his lady, from the same correspondent, evidently written in raillery, implies that he was of a dilatory disposition:—"I beseech you not hereafter to hinder my Lord Vaughan from writing to

* Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire. At a fire which happened there in 1729, many family papers were destroyed, among which we have probably to regret the means of becoming acquainted with many details of Lady Russell's early life.

me;—I am confident, whatever excuse you make for him, he had a most eager desire to write this week. I know his Lordship so well, that he cannot delay to make returns of civility. If it had been his custom to defer and put off to the last hour, I might believe your Ladyship; but in this particular I must beg your Ladyship's pardon. I was at Abscourt the last week, and found Mr. Estcourt courting your aunt. She received his addresses with great satisfaction and content. I think, Madam, under favour, you were not so kind to my Lord Vaughan."

In the year 1665 she became a mother; but her babe lived only to be baptized, and she had no other children by Lord Vaughan. In the autumn of that year, while the plague was raging in London, she again resided with the Earl of Carberry's family in Wales. A letter from her half-sister, Lady Percy, at this period, after expressing how much her company was desired by herself and the whole family, says, "I am glad for nobody's sake, but Lady Frances Vaughan's, that you are there [*in Wales*]; for I am sure she is sensible of her happiness in enjoying you."

In 1667 Lady Vaughan was a widow, living with her beloved and only sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, at Titchfield in Hampshire, which estate Lady Elizabeth, as the eldest daughter of Lord Southampton, inherited. His property at Stratton fell to the lot of Lady Vaughan.

It is not known precisely when her acquaintance with Mr. Russell commenced. A letter from Lady Percy to Lady Vaughan, in 1667, leaves no doubt that he had then manifested an attachment for her half-sister. She says, "For his concern I can say nothing more, than that he professes a great desire, which I do not at all doubt he and everybody else has, to gain one who is so desirable in all respects."

Mr. Russell was then only a younger brother, and Lady Vaughan was an heiress, without children by her first marriage. In a worldly point of view, the advantages of such a connection were almost entirely on his side; and this idea, accompanied by the diffidence which

characterizes genuine love, made him slow to interpret the lady's sentiments in his favour. But Lady Vaughan was her own mistress; and matters of interest could not long keep two such hearts as theirs strangers to each other. They were married about the end of the year 1669. She signed herself Lady Vaughan, till Mr. Russell, by the death of his elder brother, succeeded to a title, when she assumed that of Lady Russell.

The birth of her eldest daughter in 1674, was followed by that of another daughter in 1676; and her domestic happiness seems to have been completed by the birth of a son, in November 1680.

In 1679 she experienced a severe affliction in the loss of her beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel. Devoted as Lady Russell was to her husband and children, her warm heart was not exclusive, even in these purest and happiest of human affections; and in her letters, many years after, we find her recurring to the memory of this sister with peculiar fondness.

"Her letters to her husband, from 1672 to a twelve-month before his death, are written at distant intervals. During the fourteen happy years of their union they were little apart. Their only moments of separation seem to have been some visits of duty to his father, when living entirely at Woburn Abbey,—or during his elections for two successive Parliaments,—some short absences in London on private or political business,—and his attendance at Oxford during the only session of the Parliament so suddenly dismissed by Charles.

"These letters are written with such a neglect of style, and often of grammar, as may disgust the admirers of well-turned periods; and they contain such frequent repetitions of homely tenderness, as may shock the sentimental readers of the present day. But they evince the enjoyment of a happiness, built on such rational foundations, and so truly appreciated by its possessors, as too seldom occurs in the history of the human heart. They are impressed, too, with the marks of a cheerful mind, a social spirit, and every indication of a character prepared to enjoy the sunshine, or meet the storms of life.

"Thus gifted, and thus situated, her tender and prophetic exhortations, both to her lord and herself, to merit the continuance of such happiness, and to secure its perfect enjoyment by being prepared for its loss, are not less striking than his entire and absolute confidence in her character, and attachment to her society. It was thus, surely, that intellectual beings of different sexes were intended by their great Creator to go through the world together;—thus united, not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in views, and in dispositions;—each pursuing one common and noble end, their own improvement, and the happiness of those around them, by the different means appropriate to their sex and situation;—mutually correcting, sustaining, and strengthening each other, undegraded by all practices of tyranny on the one part, and of deceit on the other;—each finding a candid but severe judge in the understanding, and a warm and partial advocate in the heart of their companion;—secure of a refuge from the vexations, the follies, the misunderstandings, and the evils of the world, in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoyments of unlimited confidence and unrestrained intimacy.

"The frequent mention made of the health, progress, and amusements of the children, proves how much every thing that concerned them occupied, as well as interested their parents. Such details might be tedious to the reader, were it not consoling to trace the minute features of tenderness in characters, which afterward proved capable of the sternest exertion of human fortitude."

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Sept. 23, 1672.

"If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants [deficiencies], will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do merit to so desirable a bless-

ing ; but, my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to ; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments ?—if not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence, having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in. He knows best when we have had enough here. What I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age ; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon them. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me if I dwell too long upon it ;—it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can, with the greater tranquillity, enjoy the present, which I hope will be long, though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears. Death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true ;—let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with. But I am immoderate in the length of my discourse, and consider this is to be a letter. To take myself off, and alter the subject, I will tell you that the news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York that he was a married man. He was talking in the drawing-room when the French ambassador brought the letters in and told the news ;—the Duke turned about and said, ‘ Then I am a married man.’ It proved to be the Princess of Modena. She is to have 100,000 francs paid her ; and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before,—as much beauty and greater youth than is necessary. He sent his daughter,

Lady Mary,* word the same night he had provided a play-fellow for her. * * *

“ I hope Friday will bring the chiefest desire in the world by your

“ R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Feb. 10, 1675.

“ What reputation writing this may give me, the chamber being full of ladies, I know not, but I am sure to be ill in that heart (to whose person I send this) I dare not hazard ; and since he expects a letter from me, by neglect I shall make no omission, and without doubt the performance of it is a pleasanter thing than I have had sense of from the time we parted ; and all acts of obedience must be so to my dearest man, who, I trust in God, is well, but ill entertained, I fear, at Stratton, but what the good company repairs. The weather is here very ill, and the winds so high, that I desire to hope you do not lie in our old chamber, being afraid when I think you do. Our little Fubs† is very well—made her usual court to her grandfather just now, who is a little melancholy for his horses ; but they are all sent to take the air at Kensington, or somewhere out of town. My Lord’s gelding is dead, and more saddle-horses, and one coach-horse, I think. * * *

“ I am, my best love, more than I can tell you, and as much as I ought,—Yours,

“ R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Feb. 11, 1675.

“ Every new promise of Mr. Russell’s unalterable kindness is a most unspeakable delight to my thoughts,

* She married the Prince of Orange ;—they afterwards came to the throne, under the title of William and Mary. She was then eleven years old.

† Their little daughter.

therefore I need use no more words to tell you how welcome your letter was to me ; but how much welcomer Monday will be, I hope you do imagine. * * *

" Our girl is as you left her, I bless the mercy of God for it. I have silently retired to my little dressing-room for this performance, the next being full of company at cards. I am engaged with Northumberland ;* but at nothing, nor to nothing upon earth entirely, but to my dear Mr. Russell ;—his I am with the most passionate affection.

" R. VAUGHAN."

FROM TICHFIELD TO LONDON.

Aug. 22, 1675. Sunday Night.

" I write this to my dear Mr. Russell, because I love to be busied in either speaking of him or to him ; but the pretence I take is lest that I wrote yesterday should miscarry ;—so this may again inform you at London, that your coach shall be at Harford Bridge (if God permit) upon Thursday night to wait your coming, and on Saturday I hope to be at Stratton, and my sister also. This day she resolved it, so her coach will bring us all, as I think, to contrive it, or at least with the help of the chariot and cart-horses ; but I think to send you the coach, to save sending six horses for it, for a pair will bring the chariot. It is an inexpressible joy to consider, I shall see the person in the world I most and only long to be with, before another week is past. I should condemn my sense of this expected happiness as weak and pitiful, if I could tell it to you. No, my best life, I can say little, but think all you can, and you cannot think too much : my heart makes it all good. I perfectly know my infinite obligations to Mr. Russell ; and in it is the delight of her life, who is as much yours as you desire she should be.

" R. VAUGHAN."

* Lady Percy, her half-sister.

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Aug. 24, 1696.

" You bid me write on Thursday, but civility obliged me to that to answer yours, so that this is to show my obedience to your orders, and a little indulgence to my own self ; since I do love to talk any way with Mr. Russell, though he does abuse poor me sometimes. You had like to have vexed me bravely by Jack Vaughan's letter ; I was putting that up in my pocket to read two or three days after, at leisure ; I saw you had opened it, but as it was going up, finding one in it, it came in my mind, if he should have put in one, it might be for a trick, how it would vex me ! so broke your seal, and was very happy by doing so. Oh, my best life, how long I think it since we were together ! I can forgive you if you do not do so, upon condition you do not stay too long away. Your coach, by the grace of God, shall be at Bagshot on Wednesday night ; and on Thursday will, I hope, bring my wishes to me. I know nothing there is to give you notice of from hence. The joiners will end their work to-day in the new room. There is no coping bricks till Monday ; nor till you come to her, no entire satisfaction in the heart of your affectionate

R. VAUGHAN."

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

April 12, 1677.

" I have staid till past eight, that I might have as much intelligence as I knew how to get. Spencer promised to be here this evening, but I find him not in my chamber, where I expected him at my coming home ; for I have spent the afternoon with my sister Allington,* and by all our travels could not improve my knowledge, as I extremely desired to do, that I might entertain your dear self the better by this letter ; else could be content to be as ignorant to-morrow morning as I was this ; for all my ends and designs in this world are to be as useful and accept-

* Lord Russell's sister, married to Lord Allington.

able to my dear Mr Russell as I can, to deserve better, if I could, that dear and real kindness I faithfully believe his goodness suffers me to enjoy. My cousin Spencer has just come. The inclosed papers I copied from one Lord Allington gave me last night ; it is the King's message to the House yesterday. This day the debate held till four o'clock ; and the result of it is, you have ordered a second address to thank his Majesty for taking into consideration your first,* and to desire he would, if he please, pursue what in that they desired ; and that they might not be wanting, they have added a clause (if the King accepts of it) to the money-bill, that gives him credit to use two hundred thousand of that money toward new alliances ; promising, if he do see cause to lay it out, to replace it him again. This, as Sir Hugh Cholmondelay says, is not pleasing at court ; expectations were much higher. The Lords have not agreed with the Commons. The House was in a way of agreeing, and the Speaker pressed it ; till, after three hours' debate, he told them suddenly he had mistook the thing, that he knew the House nice upon money-matters, and the Lords had only a negative in money-concerns ; and this seemed an affirmative, so put it to the question, but would not divide the House, though if they had, the ayes would have carried it, it is believed. To-morrow at two is a conference with the Lords. * * *

" Your girls very well. Miss Rachel has prattled a long story ; but Watkins† calls for my letter, so I must omit it. She says, Papa has sent for her to *Wobee*, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more ; but boiled oysters call, so my story must rest. She will send no duty, she is positive in it. I present you all any creature can pay : I owe you as much.

" R. VAUGHAN."

* The first address was for entering into an alliance with Holland against France for the preservation of the Netherlands. The second was to the same purpose ; when it was presented, the 25th of May following, it produced a sharp reprimand from the French-loving monarch for prescribing what alliances he was to make, and produced an adjournment of the House.

† The house-steward.

On the 14th of March 1678, the House of Commons had resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the state of the nation. Charles the Second had no legitimate children, and his brother James, Duke of York, the next heir to the crown, was a bigoted Catholic,—hence a large party wished to exclude him from the succession. The motion for the above-mentioned committee was made by Lord Russell, in the following words : " I move that we may go into a committee of the whole House, to consider of the sad and deplorable condition we are in, and the apprehensions we are under of Popery and a standing army, and that we may consider of some way to save ourselves from ruin." The Court made great exertions to resist these proceedings.

The following letter from Lady Russell may have been to dissuade her Lord from making a motion so very offensive to the King and the Duke ; or, perhaps, it was some step of a still more decided nature, concerning which he took her advice. The note was preserved by him, and indorsed as being received while the House of Commons was sitting, which seems to prove that it made some impression upon him :—

" My sister Allington being here, tells me she overheard you tell her Lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House. This alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too ; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day.

" R. RUSSELL."

" MARCH the — 1677-8,
While the House was sitting." }

FROM LONDON TO BASING.

February, 1679.

" I was very sorry to read anything under your hand, written so late, as I had one brought me to Montague

House; but I heard yesterday morning, by a servant of my Lord Marquis, you got well to Teddington, so I hope you did to Basing, and our poor Stratton, and will by Saturday night to the creature of the world that loves you best. I have lived so retired, since you went, as the severest and jealous husband could enjoin a wife; so that I am not fitted to entertain you with passages in the town, knowing no more how the world goes than an Italian lady, they say, usually does. * * *

"Our small ones are as you left them, I praise God. Miss writes and lays the letters by, that papa may admire them when he comes. It is a moment more wished for than to be expressed by all the eloquence I am mistress of, yet you know how much that is; but my dear abuser I love more than my life, and am entirely his.

"R. RUSSELL."

The following letter, written at this time, is among the very few extant from Lord Russell to his wife:—

Basing, Feb. 8, 1678-9.

"I am stole from a great many gentlemen into the drawing-room at Basing, for a moment, to tell my dearest I have thought of her being here the last time, and wished for her a thousand times; but in vain, alas! for I am just going now to Stratton, and want the chariot, and my dearest dear in it. I hope to be with you on Saturday. We have had a very troublesome journey of it, and insignificant enough, by the fairness and excess of civility of somebody; but more of that when I see you. I long for the time, and am, more than you can imagine, your

RUSSELL.

"I am troubled at the weather for our ownselves, but much more for my sister. Pray God it may have no ill effect upon her, and that we may have a happy meeting on Saturday. I am Miss's humble servant."

FROM LONDON TO LORD RUSSELL AT WOBURN ABBEY.

Feb. 15, 1679.

"At dinner at Lord Shaftesbury's I received your letter, and found nothing in it that hindered my offering it him to read;—he did so at the table, and some part of it to the company. I wish the day* over, but fear it is so likely to be a troublesome one, that I shall not see you so soon as my last desired; yet if it may be, I wish for it—the main reason is, to discourse something of that affair my uncle Ruvigny was on Sunday so long with me about. It is urged, and your Lordship is thought a necessary person to advise with about it.† Your tasks are like to be difficult in town and country: I pray God direct your judgment in all your actions. I saw Sir Ieveril at Lord Shaftesbury's, who told him my Lord Russell was a greater man than he, for he was but one knight, and Lord Russell would be two.‡ Sir Ieveril answered, if it were in his power he should be a hundred. This is but one of many fine things I heard to-day, yet my heart thinks abundantly more due to my man.

* * * *

My love, I am in pain till Tuesday is past, because I am sure you have a great deal. I am, to the last minute of my life, your most obedient wife,

"R. RUSSELL."

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

1680.

"My thoughts being ever best pleased when I, in some kind or other, entertain myself with the dearest of men, you may be sure I do most willingly prepare this for Mr. Chandler. If I do hear to-morrow from you, it will be a great pleasure to know you got well to Stratton, though

* The elections were then pending.

† Perhaps this refers to the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the throne.

‡ During the Parliament elections, Lord Russell was returned both for Bedfordshire and Hampshire.

I fear for you every day, knowing you will frisk out abroad. * * * A lady out of the city told me it was certain there was before the Mayor yesterday, examinations of some apprentices concerning a new plot; and that five did take their oaths it was to put the Lords* out of the Tower, and burn them and the Duchess of Portsmouth† together. This is the latest design I hear of. If any other discoveries be made between this and Tuesday night, I hope I shall not fail to be your informer, and after that that you will be quickly mine again: I long for it truly, my dear. Miss says she means to write herself, so I have no messages. I am so well pleased to be alone, and scribbling, that I never consider the matter. Pardon, my dear love, (as you have a thousand other failings,) all the nonsense of this, and accept the passionate, kind intentions of yours,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

June 12, 1680.

“ My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet—may you live to do so one fifty years more; and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time: then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats;—they are both well, and your great one’s letter she hopes came to you. * * * I hope your letter will bring no worse news than I send—your girls and your wife being as well as my best love left them, I praise God. Little Kate makes her journey often to papa, but the other keeps her cares in her breast. * * *

* Four noblemen confined in the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in the pretended plot of the Papists to murder the King.

† The favourite mistress of Charles I. much disliked by the people, because she was supposed to use her influence to attach the King to the French interest.

I wish your business so soon dispatched, that I will not take more of your time than is just necessary to tell you, you have a loving creature of your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

1680.

“ These are the pleasing moments, in absence, my dearest blessing, either to read something from you or be writing something to you; yet I never do it but I am touched with a sensible regret, that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is much more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you; but it is not my talent, and so I hope not a necessary signification of the truth of it, at least not thought so by you. I hear you had the opportunity of making your court handsomely at Bagshot,* if you had had the grace to have taken the good fortune offered. * * * *

FROM LONDON TO WOEBURN.

Aug. 24, 1680.

“ Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my soul. It is my great care (or ought to be so) so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or be in some measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other. This very hot weather does incommode me, but otherwise I am very well, and both your girls. Your letter was cherished as it deserved, and so, I make no doubt, was hers,† which she took very ill I should suspect she was directed in, as truly I thought she was, the fancy was so pretty. My sister and Lady Inchiquin are coming, so that I must

* The Duke of York was then residing there.

† Their eldest little girl.

leave a better diversion for a worse; but my thoughts often return where all my delight is. I am yours entirely,

"R. RUSSELL."

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Sept. 6, 1680.

"My girls and I being just risen from dinner, Miss Rachel followed me into my chamber, and seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do? I told her I was going to write to her papa. 'So will I,' said she; 'and while you write, I will think what I have to say.' And truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me she had done, so I set down her words; and she is hard at the business, as I am not, one would conclude by the pertinence of this beginning. But my dear man has taken me for better and worse in all conditions, and knows my soul to him; so expressions are but a pleasure to myself, not him, who believes better things of me than my ill rhetoric will induce him to by my words. To this minute I am not one jot wiser as to intelligence, (whatever other improvements my study has made me,) but I hope the afternoon's conversation will better me that way. Lady Shaftesbury sends me word if her Lord continues as well as he was this morning, I shall see her; and my sister was visiting yesterday. I will suck the honey from them all, if they will be communicative. Your birds came safe to feast us to-morrow.—I am yours, my dear love,

"R. RUSSELL."

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Sept. 17, 1680.

"These moments of true pleasure, I proposed at the opening of your letter, were hugely disappointed; first, when I found less than one, would despatch in the reading of it; and secondly, yet more, that I could not prolong my delight as usual, by reflections on those expressions, I receive as the joy of my unworthy life, which can

never be miserable in any accident of it, whilst my affectionate heart can think you mine, as I do now. But your headache over night, and a dinner at Bedford next day, gives me more than ordinary longings for a new report of your health, in this crazy time. * * *

"Dispose, I beseech you, of my duty and service and all other ways, as you please, in all particulars, of your ever faithful, obedient, passionately affectionate wife,

"R. RUSSELL."

"Mrs. Cellier* stood this day in the pillory, but her head was not put in the hole, but defended one side of her head, as a kind of battledore did the other, which she held in her hand. All the stones that were thrown within reach, she took up and put in her pocket."

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

During the sitting of Parliament, 1680.
Stratton, Thursday night.

"Sending your victuals by the higler, I take the same opportunity to let my dearest know I have his by-coach, and do humbly and heartily praise God for the refreshing news of his being well: yet you do not in words tell me if you are very well; and your going to the House tells no more than that you are not very ill. If your nose bleeds as it did, pray let me beg of you to give yourself time to bleed in the arm. My heart, be assured mine is not easy, till I am where you are; therefore send us a coach as soon as you can; it shall find us ready as whenever it comes, if God bless us to be well. I wrote more fully to this purpose in the morning, only I am willing to hint it again, in case of its miscarriage. I have sent up one maid this day, and on Monday all follow. It seems to me the ladies at Petworth [*the residence of her half-sister*,

* Mrs. Cellier was a nurse of the Roman Catholic religion: a woman of some cleverness, but of very bad character. She had been charged with being concerned in the Popish plot, but was acquitted. Being afterwards convicted of the publication of a libel, called 'Malice Defeated,' she was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and fined a thousand pounds.

Lady Percy] are as particular to the Marquis as they were to the Duke before; but the wondrous things he tells, I may aim at, but shall never guess, nor care to do it,—or anything else but to move towards London, and meet my better life, as I wish to see him well and mine, as I am his, and so to be to an old age; but, above all, praying for hearts and minds fitly disposed to submit to the wise and merciful dispensations of the great God. From the sharpest trials, good Lord preserve us, if it may be. I guess my Lord* will soon be in town—pray present my duty to him. Our girls are very well: we were altogether at the farm-house this day. Pray keep good hours.—Believe me your obedient wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Feb. 1680. Tuesday Night.

“ Since you resolve not to be here till Thursday, this may come time enough to tell you we are all well; and I will say little more, guessing this as likely to miss of coming to your hands, as to be read by you, since I hope you lie at Dunstable to-morrow. I shall defer answering any particular of your last till we meet, and then I shall fail, I doubt, of my part in some; but it will be by my incapacity, who can never be what I should or would to my best and dearest life; but I will ever submit.

* * * *

I am in a little haste, and am content to be so, because I think what I have said is to no purpose; but I defy Lord Russell to wish for Thursday with more joy and passion, and will make him own he has a thousand times less reason to do so, than has his

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

About Feb. 1681.

“ From the opinion I have that Lord Russell is a very

* The Earl of Bedford, Lord Russell's father.

sincere personage, I am very well pleased with all the parts of his letter, that he came in good time to his inn, and had really such kind reflections as he tells me of. I hope we shall enjoy those dozen years he speaks of, and cannot forbear wishing to double them: as one pleasure passes, I doubt not but we shall find new ones,—our nursery will help to furnish us,—it is in good order, I thank God. Your father came this morning, and gave me the report of Devonshire elections. * * * Your own story of thieves, and so many as we hear of every day, makes me very desirous of your being at poor Southampton House* again, in the arms of your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO OXFORD.

March, 1681.

“ I hope my dearest did not interpret amiss any action of mine, from seven o'clock Thursday night to nine on Friday morning. I am certain I had sufficient punishment for the ill conduct I used, of the short time then left us to spend together, without so terrible an addition; besides, I was really sorry I could not scribble as you told me you designed I should, not only that I might please myself with remembering I had done you some little service at parting, but possibly I might have prevailed for the laying by a smart word or so, which will now pass current, unless you will oblige a wife, after eleven years, by making such a sacrifice to her now and then, upon occasions offered. * * * The report of our nursery, I humbly praise God, is very good. Master† improves really, I think, every day. Sure he is a goodly child: the more I see of others, the better

* It was situated on the north side of Bloomsbury Square, then called Southampton Square, London. Lord and Lady Russell usually passed the winters at Southampton House, and the summers at Stratton. After their death, their residence in London descended to their grandson, and received the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by the Duke of Bedford in 1800.

† Her infant son.

he appears. I hope God will give him life and virtue. Misses and their mamma walked yesterday to see their cousin Allington.* Miss Kate wished to see him, so I gratified her little person.—Yours only entirely,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Look to your pockets: a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and then witnesses to swear.”†

FROM LONDON TO OXFORD.

March, 1681.

“ I cannot express to my dearest, how pleasant to me the sight of his hand is; yet I readily excuse the seeing of it, when he cannot perform it at a seasonable hour, or that he is pressed with more weighty affairs, so that I may be assured he will let me know if he be not well.

* * * *

“ The children are all well. I think this is sufficient for one time, from your obediently affectionate wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ My duty to papa.”‡

FROM STRATTON TO FRIMLEY.

1681.

“ A messenger, bringing things from Alsford this morning, gives me the opportunity of sending this by the post. If he will leave it at Frimley, it will let you know we are all well,—if he does not, it may let such know it as do not care, but satisfy no one’s curiosity in any other point; for having said thus much, I am ready to conclude with this one secret—first, that as thy precious self is the most endearing husband, I believe, in the world, so am I the most grateful wife, and my heart most

* A new-born son of Lady Allington’s.

† The caution here given conveys a vivid idea of the suspicion and insecurity of the times.

‡ These last words are written by the child.

gladly passionate in its returns. Now you have all for this time, from your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Boy is asleep, girls singing a-bed.”

FROM STRATTON TO FRIMLEY.

1681.

“ It is so much pleasure to me to write to you, when I shall see you so soon after, that I cannot deny myself the entertainment. My head will lie the easier on my pillow, where I am just going to lay it down, as soon as I have scribbled this side of paper. All has been well here since you, our best life, went. I need not tell you I received your letter; Will Wright coming shows it: nor I need less say anything to acquaint your dear self the joys it brought with it, from the expressions in it to poor unworthy me. Some alloys possibly I found, but I defer that matter till Friday, when I hope once more to be blessed with the sight of what I love best.—Good night, dearest life: love your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Sept. 20, 1681.

“ To see anybody preparing, and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not endure to suffer their going, without saying something to my best life, though it is a kind of anticipating my joy when we shall meet to allow myself so much before the time; but I confess I feel a great deal, that, though I left London with reluctance, (as it is easy to persuade men that a woman does,) yet that I am not like to leave Stratton with greater. They will tell you how well I got hither, and how well I found our dear treasure here: your boy will please you—you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you, for as soon as I alighted, he followed, calling papa; but, I suppose, it is

the word he has most command of, so was not disoblinded by the little fellow. The girls were fine in remembrance of the happy 29th of September;* and we drank your health after a red-deer pie, and at night your girls and I supped on sack-posset,—nay, master would have his room, and for haste burnt his fingers in the posset, but he does but rub his hands for it. It is the most glorious weather here that ever was seen. The coach shall meet you at the cabbage-garden,—be there by eight o'clock or a little after, though I guess you can hardly be there so soon, day breaks so late; and indeed the mornings are so misty, it is not wholesome to be in the air so early. I do propose going to my neighbour Worsley to-day. I would fain be telling my heart more things—anything to be in a kind of talk with him; but I believe Spencer stays for my despatch. He was willing to go early; but this was to be the delight of this morning, and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy pillow at my back, where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more. I trust in His mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies or ill-wishers. Love, and be willing to be loved by

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Oct. 20, 1681.

“ The hopes I have, my dearest life, that this will be the concluding epistle, for this time, makes me undertake it with more cheerfulness than my others. We are very busy in preparing, and full of expectation to see a coach come for us.”

After some remarks about conveying the hawks, dogs, &c. to town, she proceeds:—

“ I hope you will tell us your mind about these things to-morrow, if you can think of any thing but Parliamentary affairs. I pray God direct all your consultations

* Lord Russell's birth-day.

there; and, my dearest dear, you guess my mind. A word to the wise. I never longed more earnestly to be with you, for whom I have a thousand kind and grateful thoughts. You know of whom I learned this expression. If I could have found one more fit to speak the passion of my soul, I should send it you with joy; but I submit with great content to imitate, but never shall attain to any equality, except that of sincerity, and I will ever be (by God's grace) what I ought and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Miss sends me word she is well, and hopes to see papa quickly; so does one more.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Nov. 1681. *Monday, 10 o'clock.*

“ I have felt one true delight this morning already, being just come from our nurseries, and now am preparing for another,—these being my true moments of pleasure, till the presence of my dearest life is before my eyes again. How I long for it, I will not go about to tell you, nor how I take your abusing me about my perfections: you should leave those things for your brother to say, when occasion serves. * * * Yours entirely,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Miss brings me her mite; but there has been almost wet eyes about it, she thinks it so ill done.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Nov. 22, 1681.

“ As often as you are absent, we are taught, by experience, who gives life to this house and family; but we dodge on in a dull way, as well as we can. * * *

I have just come from our little master—he is very well; so I left him, and saw your girls a-lacing. Miss Kate says, sure papa is upon

the road. I wish for Wednesday, that I may know if I am to hope he will be so this week.

* * * One remembrance more, my best life,—be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove. So farewell for this time.—Yours,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

The following letter from Lord Russell to his wife, is dated

Nov. 26, 1681.

“ I suppose you received mine of Thursday. I hope this will be the last time, for this bout, of troubling you in this kind; for on Thursday, God willing, I intend to set out to go to my dearest dear’s embraces, which, upon my word, I value now as much as I did ten, eleven, or twelve years ago, and more than any the town can afford, now you are out of it. On Monday we intend to be at Westminster, to be bail for my Lord Shaftesbury, in case it be demanded; and I hear the Lieutenant of the Tower has order to bring him Lord Howard,* Wilmore, and Whitaker; so that it is concluded they will be released, although some talk as if they would bring fresh matter, but I do not believe it. It is thought by some of your friends, where we dined together when you were in town, that the fair man was the person most troubled at Thursday’s business; and really by his looks, and what he said to-day in my hearing, one would have thought so. If the coach can conveniently come to Hertford Bridge on Tuesday, let it,—else Will Wright will ride upon great Dun, and lead little one.

“ I come just now from eating oysters with your sister, which shall be all my supper; and I hope to get to bed earlier than I have been able to do hitherto. My father is not come to town. Farewell, my dearest: kiss my little children from me; and believe me to be, as entirely as I am, yours, and only yours,

“ RUSSELL.”

* Imprisoned on the suspicion of having contrived a treasonable pamphlet.

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Sept. 25, 1682.

“ I staid till I came from church, that I might, as late as I could, tell you all your concerns here are just as you left them. The young man* as mad, winking at me, and striking with his drumstick whatever comes to his reach. If I had written before church, while my morning draught† was in my head, this might have entertained you better; but now those fumes are laid, I find my spirits more dull than usual, as I have more cause—the much dearer and pleasanter part of my life being absent from me: I leave my Lord Russell to guess who that is. * * *

* I know nothing new since you went; but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been for twelve years as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more: happy still, and entirely yours.

“ R. RUSSELL.”

Alas! this hope was never to be realized! Lord Russell was a friend to liberty, and made no secret of his opposition to the unrestrained prerogative of the King. He thought the people were right in being jealous of French influence, and of the ever restless intrigues of the Roman Catholics at that period. Charles the Second and his brother James were warmly attached to the French court, from which they had received much kindness during the administration of Cromwell; and, perhaps, in their inmost hearts they could never forgive the English nation for having beheaded their father. It was natural that the licentious Charles, so far as he cared for any religion, should prefer that, which, by half an hour’s ceremony on his death-bed, offered to absolve all the errors of a most sinful life;—he was, however, too coldly selfish to endanger his throne by an avowal of sentiments so dis-

* Her infant son.

† Coffee and tea were scarcely known in England at this period, —wine-posset was used for breakfast.

tasteful to his subjects. The Duke of York, on the contrary, made no concealment of his bigoted attachment to the Church of Rome; and when we reflect how hard that church struggled to regain its former despotic power, by means of its able and most effective instruments the Jesuits, we cannot be surprised at the universal alarm which prevailed among the English Protestants.

It has already been mentioned that Lord Russell zealously favoured the bill to exclude James from succession to the throne. But Charles was obstinately bent upon supporting his brother's claims; and, what was still worse, the indolent monarch allowed him to possess great influence, which was generally exerted in favour of the most unjust and tyrannical measures. Waller remarked, that "Charles, in spite to the Parliament, who had determined the Duke should not succeed him, was resolved that he should reign even in his lifetime."

In this state of things, discontent was universal; and there seemed to be no redress for the people, unless they could gain it by strong and determined resistance. A council of six was formed to consult upon what measures were necessary to be taken to check the despotic proceedings of Charles and his brother.

"This council consisted of the Duke of Monmouth (the King's natural son)—Lord Russell—Lord Essex—Lord Howard—Algernon Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester—and John Hampden, grandson of the great Parliamentary leader. The members of this council differed extremely in their views. Sidney was passionate for a republic. Essex had embraced the same project. Monmouth entertained hopes of obtaining the crown for himself. Russell and Hampden were much attached to the ancient constitution, and intended only the exclusion of the Duke of York, and the redress of grievances."

But it unfortunately happened, that while these gentlemen were concerting schemes to restrain the abuse of kingly power, an inferior and more violent order of malcontents, among whom were some of the old officers of Cromwell's army, were holding meetings, in which they openly talked of assassinating the King and the Duke,

under the familiar appellation of *lopping*. Lord Shaftesbury, a rash man, whom the disaffected were in the habit of regarding as their leader, employed these men as his tools, unknown to Russell and his friends. It seems, indeed, that Lord Shaftesbury formed the only link between two plots totally dissimilar in their characters, and in the motives which originated them. Lord Russell accompanied the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Grey one evening to the house of a wine-merchant, in whom they confided. They expected to meet Lord Shaftesbury and some of their friends; but finding no one, except two of the desperate characters, above mentioned, they were displeased with the company, and entered into no conversation,—Lord Russell merely stopped to taste some wines he wished to purchase, and they departed. The designs of these violent men were betrayed by the treachery of one of their confidants. Lord Shaftesbury, the only one who had countenanced them, went into Holland, where he died. The virtuous Lord Russell would have been at any time shocked with schemes of blood; but the brief interview with Lord Shaftesbury's creatures, at the wine-merchant's, proved of fatal consequence to him. These men became witnesses against him; but, for that circumstance, he might have escaped the utmost malice of the crown, as did his friend Hampden. Being in the company of these conspirators was construed into a proof of knowing and sharing all their designs. Lord Russell was arrested, and the seizure of his associates soon followed. The dastardly and unprincipled Lord Howard confessed all he knew, in order to save his own miserable life. It was proved that Lord Russell, Essex, Hampden, &c. intended resistance to the government, in some form or other, at some indefinite time. All who from fear, or the love of reward, were friends to the Duke of York, were anxious to represent the two plots as one and the same: hence Lord Russell and his friends were charged with projected insurrection and intent to take the King's life.

The Duke of Monmouth absconded, although his royal father came very near ensnaring him by that insidious

policy which always characterized his dealings with mankind.*

Sidney was beheaded—rejoicing to the last that he died in “the good old cause of republicanism.” Lord Howard was the only evidence against Hampden, and the statute required two witnesses: the crown lawyers were therefore unable to make out a case of high treason; but they managed to obtain a sentence against him for misdemeanour, and fined him the enormous sum of forty thousand pounds. Lord Essex was at his house in the country, when he heard that his friend Lord Russell was arrested. He made no attempt to escape; and when it was urged upon him, he replied that he would not do it, lest his flight should be construed into an evidence of guilt, and thus do an injury to Lord Russell’s cause: “My own life is not worth saving,” said he, “if, by so doing, I bring his into danger.”

He was committed to the Tower; and, on the very morning of Lord Russell’s trial, he was found with his throat cut, said to be done by his own hand—a circumstance of which the court made great use to the prejudice of Lord Russell. Even Hume, whose feelings are always on the Tory side, acknowledges that a most unjustifiable use was made of this incident. Considering the tenderness Lord Essex had expressed toward Lord Russell’s cause, suspicions very naturally arose that he did not die by his own hand. The King and the Duke of York had made a visit to the Tower that morning, under pretence of inspecting the ordnance. Two children, a boy and girl, from ten to twelve years old, heard a great noise from his window, and affirmed that they saw a hand throw out a bloody razor. The boy afterward contradicted his statement in open court; but his father had an office in the custom-house, of which the King could deprive him.

* The King had a most affectionate interview with the Duchess of Monmouth, advising her to conceal her husband in her own apartment, which he sacredly promised should not be searched. The Duke being informed of this, said, “I will not trust him.” The event proved that his suspicions were right; for the apartment of the Duchess was the first place searched.

The girl always stood firmly to her story. On the other hand, it was said that Lord Essex was subject to very deep fits of melancholy,—that he had been heard to vindicate suicide,—that among other things, which he had ordered to be sent from his house, he had called for a penknife and a razor; and the surgeons declared that his throat was cut in such a manner that he must have done it himself. The real truth can never be known in this world; and historians and readers will judge of the transaction according to their opinions of the Duke of York.

From the manner in which Lord Russell was taken up, it seemed as if the court, always crooked and cowardly in its proceedings, were willing to connive at his escape. Burnet tells us that the day before Lord Russell was arrested, a messenger was observed many hours waiting near his door—“A measure that was taken in so open and careless a manner, (the back door of his house not being watched,) as led to the suspicion that it was intended to frighten him away.” Had Lord Russell fallen into this snare, it would have saved them from the odium of his death, and would have given them a fine opportunity to blacken his character. But he, conscious of no other political opinions than those which he had long and openly avowed in Parliament, refused to avail himself of this insidious measure; and his “faithful, obedient, and most affectionate wife” was tempted by no unworthy weakness to advise him to a course of conduct inconsistent with his innocence and honour.

Lord Russell would not attempt to leave the house while the messenger from the council was pacing before his door, although he was ignorant of what, and by whom he was accused. His lady was sent to obtain information and consult his friends,—with what anxiety the task was performed, we can well imagine. Lord Russell was so well aware of the virulence of his enemies, that, from the moment of his arrest, he began to prepare his mind for death. But this conviction occasioned no despondency in him, nor did it prevent her from using every honourable endeavour to save his precious life. During the fortnight that elapsed between his commitment to the

Tower and his trial, she was diligently employed in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and in adopting every measure of precaution. She accompanied him to Court on the day of his trial,—on which occasion the crowd was so great, that the counsel complained of not having room to stand. When Lord Russell requested to have a person to take notes of the trial for him, the Chief Justice said, “Any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please.” To which Lord Russell replied, “My wife is here to do it.” As he spoke, the excellent daughter of the virtuous Southampton rose up, and stood by his side. At this sight, a thrill of anguish ran through the crowded audience. Her father’s services—her husband’s unsuspected patriotism—the excellence of his private life, and their known domestic happiness—all combined to give her a peculiar claim upon public sympathy. It is much to be regretted that history does not inform us how she supported herself through that fatal day, nor how she received the tidings of the death of Lord Essex, which was suddenly brought into Court, and which she was aware would have a material influence on her husband’s destiny. We only know that she so commanded her feelings, as neither to disturb the Court, nor distract the attention of her husband.

Lord Russell was not mistaken in what he had to expect from the violence of his unprincipled enemies. The lawyers, desirous of paying court to the royal brothers, resorted to subtle evasions. The prisoner’s strict adherence to truth would not allow him to deny that he had assisted in plans of resistance to the king’s despotic measures; false charges were artfully mixed up with true ones, and he was not allowed to point out the difference between them. At one time, he intended to make a full confession of all he had done and all he had thought; but his counsel suggested that use might be made of his disclosures to endanger his friends; and Lord Russell was not a man to save himself by sacrificing others. He therefore simply pleaded not guilty to any designs upon the king’s person, and threw himself upon the laws of his

country, which no doubt would have saved him if justice had been allowed to have its course. But even Lord Russell’s virtues were turned against him; it being said that the great estimation in which he was held made him dangerous. The jury was picked out with great care, and consisted entirely of men strongly prejudiced in favour of the king and his brother. Some objections were made to this jury, but they were over-ruled. It was thought that Chief-Justice Pemberton did not state the matter with sufficient eagerness against the noble prisoner, and he was soon after turned out of his office. Sergeant Jeffries, afterward the detestable Judge Jeffries, made an insolent speech full of fury and indecent invectives; and in his address to the jury, he turned the untimely fate of Essex into a proof of his consciousness of the conspiracy. This brutal wretch was soon after appointed Chief Justice, and afterward Lord Chancellor. His life was divided between drunken riots and judicial murders. His name ought to be handed down to the everlasting execration of posterity, in common with all other judges, English or American, who allow personal enmity, or political prejudice to influence their decisions. There is but one crime equal to thus poisoning the fountain of justice; and that was committed by the priest, who administered death to his enemy in the form of the holy sacrament.

Lord Russell’s behaviour during his trial was calm and dignified. He expected to die, and was not disappointed when the jury brought in a verdict against him.

The following extract from the *London Gem* for 1831, is historically true in facts, though some of the details are imagined. The editor may be blamed for inserting it in the midst of a well-authenticated biography; but the heart becomes so painfully interested in the lovely and most excellent Lady Russell, that we are eager to supply the deficiencies of history, and to imagine just what she said, and how she looked, during those agonizing scenes, which would have broken her heart, had not love been stronger than death:—

“At last her task was finished,—quietly she laid down her pen,—her eyes and her hand were weary, and her heart was sick al-

most unto death. She had heard the conviction and the condemnation of her husband; but not a sob, not a sound, had escaped her lips;—she had come prepared to hear, and, with God's help, to sustain the worst, without uttering a word that might agitate her beloved husband, or shake his grave and manly composure. When she rose up to accompany him from Court, every eye was turned toward them, and several of the kind and compassionate wept aloud; but the Lady Russell was enabled to depart with the same sweet and modest self-possession—still her husband's nearest, dearest companion. When they reached his prison, she gave way to no wild and passionate bursts of grief; but, repressing every murmur, she sat down, and began to discuss with him all and every possible means of honourably saving his life. He had a settled conviction that every exertion would be in vain, and secretly gave himself to prepare for inevitable death; but, to please and satisfy her, he entered into all her plans, at least consulted with her upon them; and, at her request particularly, drew up a petition to the Duke of York, which, however, proved utterly fruitless—the Duke of York being his determined and relentless enemy.

"Still the Lady Russell was unwearied, and resolved that nothing should daunt her. To the king she determined to go in person, and to plead at his feet for her husband's life.

"When she reached Whitehall, she could not choose but remember with what different feelings she had before ascended the staircase, and passed along the stately galleries of the beautiful palace. She thought of the first time she entered those walls; she thought of her light heart, her girlish curiosity, when those around her, and she herself had been loved and welcomed visitors to the royal presence. Fearful that an audience might be refused her, if her name or errand were told before-hand to the king, she had come with a very private equipage, her servants wearing a plain livery. She had before requested one of the lords in waiting, to whom she was well known, and in whose noble and friendly spirit she could place full confidence, to give her an opportunity of seeing the king, and to announce her merely as a gentlewoman of condition, who had solicited an interview; and she now besought him so earnestly to allow her to be admitted into the ante-room to the chamber where the king was then sitting, that, after some decided refusals, and much hesitation, he at last permitted her to follow him. In a few minutes she was left alone in that ante-chamber; for it happened that a little page, who had been waiting there, was called away for a short time as she and Lord —— entered.

"She soon distinguished the king's voice from the room within, for its tones were loud and sonorous; and the latch of the door, though pulled to, had not caught, so that the door stood partly open: 'Who is it would see us, did you say?' The Lady Russell drew near, and bent her ear that she might not lose a word. 'A gentlewoman of condition has demanded a private interview with your majesty.'

"The words were hardly spoken when a light, yet loud laugh rung through the chamber, and a woman's voice cried out, in tones of raillery, 'You are a dangerous messenger, my lord; there may be peril to the king's heart in such an interview.' 'Pshaw, Pshaw,' interrupted the king, half joining in the laugh, and speaking in a tone of heavy merriment: 'tell me this lady's age; is she young or old, for much depends on that?' 'She is a young and noble matron,' was the quiet, grave reply. 'But how does she call herself?' was the continued inquiry in the same jocular voice. 'She bade me say a gentlewoman of condition.' 'Sir,' said the king impatiently, 'no trifling, if you please!—What is the woman's name?—Do you know her name?' 'I cannot tell your majesty an untruth,' replied the nobleman; 'I do know her name.' 'Why, then, do you not declare it?' 'Because, sire, I was forbidden by the lady to do so, and as a gentleman of honour—' 'As a gentleman of honour, you may be bound to your gentlewoman of condition, and may keep silence as far as she is concerned; but as I am also a party concerned, allow me to decline the favour of this interview with your gentlewoman of condition; I have seen mysterious affairs enough of late, and there may be danger in this interview.' 'I would stake my life, sire, there is none,' said the nobleman; 'and I will go beyond my commission, and disclose a name unsullied and pure, and lovely to the ear, being made so by her who bears it; the blameless, but unhappy Lady Russell, is the gentlewoman that has sought an audience with your majesty.' 'Oh! I cannot see her,' cried the king, raising his voice; 'I forbid you to admit her to my presence. Remember, sir, I am positive. Much as I pity the Lady Russell, I cannot see her: why should unnecessary pain be given to her and to myself? Tell her this from me.' 'Alas, sire, I dread to deliver so disheartening a message from your gracious majesty, she is already in so woful a plight. I know not what her hopes may be of urging her suit with success; but I know she did hope to hear a refusal, if she must have one, given from no other lips than yours: even now she waits anxiously, fondly hoping that your majesty will see her.' Here again the female voice was heard; kind and almost coaxing were its tones:—'Do see her—do admit her—poor unhappy lady! my heart bleeds for her—you may be stern to men, but you would never let a woman beg in vain.' 'It is to save a woman's feelings,' replied the king, in a softer voice than he had yet spoken: 'Do not urge me—you know that his life cannot be spared—you know it is impossible. Dismiss the lady at once, my lord, with the assurance of my regret. You said that she was waiting,—where did you leave her?' 'She waits in the ante-room to this very chamber.' 'So near, sirrah!' exclaimed the king; 'thou hast taken a most unwarrantable liberty.' 'She begged that I would let her follow me,' said the nobleman; 'and her importunity was so great and sudden, that she prevailed against my calmer judgment.' 'Let there be no mistake continued in,' cried the king 'and weary me no longer with your explanations. Dismiss the lady instantly.'

"The Lady Russell had heard all that had been spoken; had hung breathless on every word; and her heart had sunk within her, when she found how firmly the king seemed opposed to showing any mercy to her husband. She had blessed the woman, whose voice pleaded so kindly for her, though she guessed, and guessed rightly, that she was blessing the frail Louise de Querouaille, then Duchess of Portsmouth.

"She heard the receding steps of the lord in waiting, and felt that in another moment her opportunity would be gone. She did not stop to think or hesitate, but threw open the door, and advanced quietly and meekly to the very centre of the chamber.

"The room which Lady Russell entered, was of large dimensions, and furnished rather with splendid luxuriousness than elegance. The windows opened into a balcony, filled with orange trees in full blossom, and the atmosphere of the chamber was richly scented with the delicious perfume of the flowers: the walls were hung alternately with some of Lely's beautiful but wanton portraits, and with broad pier-glasses; and the profusion of gilding with which the sculptured frames and cornices, the tables, the couches and seats of various descriptions, were enriched, dazzled and fatigued the gaze. Upon and underneath one table, amid piles of music, lay several kinds of lutes and other musical instruments. On another, an ivory casket of jewels stood open, glowing and blazing in a flood of sunshine. Before a broad slab of the richest green marble, opposite one of the looking-glasses, sat Louise de Querouaille, on a low ottoman. She had been reading aloud to the idle monarch, and her book,—a loose French romance,—lay upon the table, the place kept open by a bracelet of large pearls. Very near her the king was carelessly reclining upon a sofa covered with cushions of Geno velvet: his attention had been divided between listening to the French romance, and listlessly looking over a collection of Oliver's exquisitely painted miniatures, some of which lay on the sofa beside him, others on the marble table. Into this chamber a pure and modest matron had entered, to plead for the life of one of the most noble and upright gentlemen of the land; had she much chance of success with *such* a ruler? 'I am prepared,' said the Lady Russell, as she kneeled before the king, 'to bear though not to brave your majesty's just anger. My coming thus uncalled into your presence is an intrusion, an impertinence, which the king may not perchance forgive; but I make my appeal not to the king, but to the gentleman before whom I kneel.' Charles, who had sat astonished rather than angry at the unexpected appearance of the lady, rose up at these words, and, tenderly raising her, led her to a seat with that gallant courteousness in which he was excelled by no one in his day. 'My boldness is very great,' she continued; 'but grief makes me forget all difference of station: I am alive only to the power conferred upon your majesty's high station by the Almighty and most merciful of kings. Forgive a wife, once a very happy wife, if she implores you to use that power in its most blessed ex-

ercise of mercy. Think that on the breath of your lips it depends whether the whole future course of a life, long so supremely happy, shall be gloom and wretchedness to the grave. But let me not take so selfish a part as to plead only for my own happiness. Do justice to an upright, honest subject; or if you deem him faulty, (and who is not?) do not visit a fault with that dreadful doom that you would give to wickedness and crime. Nay, for yourself, for your own good interest, do not let them rob you of a servant whose fellow may not easily be found, one who shall serve your majesty with more true faithfulness than many that have been more forward in their words.'

"The king listened with attention, with well-bred and courteous attention, and then expressed, with soft and well-bred excuses, his deep regret that it was impossible, beyond his power, as one bound to consider the welfare of the State, to accede to her entreaties: and as he spoke, the Lady Russell could not help contrasting the artful softness of his voice and manner with the rough, but far more honest, refusal she had heard when waiting in the ante-room.

"Charles ceased speaking; and the Lady Russell, who had continued seated all the time she spoke, and who had spoken with modest and reverent dignity of manner, still sat calm, sad, and motionless, perplexed and silenced by his cold, easy self-possession.

"'There is then no hope?' she at length exclaimed. The monarch met the melancholy gaze of her soft eyes, as she asked the hopeless question, and the few words in which he replied were intended to destroy all hope; yet they were spoken in the same smooth, courteous tone.

"She rose up, but she did not go; still she remained standing where she rose up, calm, bewildered, her lips unclosed, her eyes cast down, as if unwilling to depart, yet too stupified by grief and disappointment to know what to say: too abashed, indeed, by his polite indifference, to know how to act. At last she roused herself; and as she lifted up her head, a clearness and brightness came into her eyes, and over her brow, and over her whole countenance. 'I must not, will not go abashed and confounded,' she thought within herself; 'I must not lose this last, this very last opportunity, I can ever have of saving him.' 'Bear with my importunity,' she said, with a feminine sweetness, which, notwithstanding the deep dejection that hung on every look and every word, was inexpressibly fascinating; 'bear with me, and do not bid me rise, till I have been heard;' and she again threw herself at the feet of the king. 'At least let me speak in my own name, let me urge my own claims to your gracious mercy. As the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, your long-tried servant, your royal father's faithful and favoured friend, I humbly ask for pity and for mercy; forget not your friend and your father's friend. Alas, sire, you are not one to whom affliction is unknown; your heart is not hardened, I am sure it cannot be, against such calamities as mine are likely to be very soon. You have known,' she added, raising her clasped hands, and her meek

and innocent face, over which the tears flowed fast; 'you have known one, whose loved and honoured head was cruelly laid low; you have seen something of what a widow and a mother suffers in such a desolate estate as mine will be, I fear, too soon. No, no! you do not misunderstand me—you know well of whom I speak. Imagine what your royal mother would have felt, had she kneeled, as I do now, to one who could have saved the life of her beloved and noble husband; and pity—pray, pray, pity me!—What, not one word—one kind, pitying word!' She turned her eyes, as one who looks for help on either side; and her glance fell upon the frail, but kind-hearted Louise de Querouaille, who sat weeping and sobbing with unaffected feeling. The Lady Russell rose from her knees, and went to her;—'Madam,' she said entreatingly, 'they say you have much influence with the king: I am sure you have a kind heart; come and beg that for pity's sake he will hear me.' The Duchess of Portsmouth did not refuse—she came forward. *Just then a side-door was gently opened, and the Duke of York entered the apartment.* He stopped and stared at all present with a look of apparent astonishment: for a moment his eye met that of the king; but he said not a word, walked to the farther end of the room, laid on the table a packet of papers, which he carried in his hand, and seemed to occupy himself busily with them. The Lady Russell felt, that if ever there had been a hope of success for her, there was now none. The king was still as courteous, and as smooth in speech as before, though a little more commanding in his manner. The Duchess of Portsmouth was still careless to hide her weeping, and, kneeling in her tears before the king, she implored for Lord Russell's pardon; and she herself, the wretched, heart-stricken wife, redoubled her entreaties; nay, at last she ceased to ask for pardon, (seeing that her prayer was utterly in vain) and begged but for a respite of six weeks for her condemned husband. She turned to the Duke of York:—coldly and civilly he begged to decline offering any interference. The only words he spoke were those by which he replied to the Lady Russell; and he would have seemed to her entirely occupied with his papers, had she not once or twice observed his eye fixed with a calm and penetrating glance upon his royal brother. At last, the king grew weary; his dark brow lowered heavily, and his strongly marked and saturnine features assumed an expression not commonly harsh and unpleasant.—'What!' said he angrily, and almost brutally, 'shall I grant that man six weeks, who, if he had it in his power, would not have granted me six hours!'

'The poor, insulted lady spoke not another word of entreaty. She arose at once, and, with a grave, meek sorrow, at once dignified and sweetly humble, she departed. The Lady Russell went forth from the palace, convinced in her own mind that her husband's life would not be spared; and, more at peace than she had been for many days, she could scarcely understand how with such a settled conviction she could be calm. But she began to see the gracious

design of Him to whom she prayed so constantly, to prepare her for her heaviest trial by the strong supports and consolations of his grace. She entered her husband's cell, with a firm step and an untroubled countenance, and told him herself and at once, with a voice that faltered only when she began to speak, that according to his expectation, her errand to Whitehall had been utterly useless."

All other possible measures were used to save Lord Russell. The Earl of Bedford, his father, offered the Duchess of Portsmouth the enormous sum of one hundred thousand pounds, if she would procure his pardon; but notwithstanding her notorious love of money, she either did not dare to move in the case, or her exertions were rendered unavailing by some influence even stronger than hers. Lord Cavendish, a talented, high-spirited, though dissipated nobleman, was, both personally and politically, a warm friend to Lord Russell. He generously offered to manage his escape, and to stay in prison for him, while he should go away in his clothes; but Lord Russell would not listen to such a proposition. The Duke of Monmouth likewise sent word, that if it would do him any service, he would come in and run fortunes with him. Lord Russell replied, that it could be no advantage to him to have his friends die with him.

Oldmixon informs us, that Lord Cavendish likewise proposed that a chosen party of horse should attack the guard as the coach passed on the way to the place of execution, by the street turning into Smithfield, while another party did the same on the Old Bailey side, to take Lord Russell out, and, mounting him on a horse, make off with him—a design which the people would have most cordially facilitated. But Lord Russell would by no means consent that his friends should risk their lives to save his. He had submitted his case to the decision of the laws, and he was resolved to abide the penalty.

Doctors Burnet and Tillotson, in hopes of saving his life, tried to prevail upon him to acknowledge to the King that subjects had, in no case whatever, a right to resist the throne. Lord Russell replied, "Upon such an hypothesis, I see no difference between our government and the Turkish. I can have no conceptions of a

limited monarchy, which has not a right to defend its own limitations; and my conscience will not permit me to say otherwise to the King." His heroic wife approved of this answer. She never wished to save his life by any base compliance, or by the abjuration of the noble truths for which he was persecuted;—she shared in his steady adherence to his principles, as she shared in his sufferings for them. All the concession she had ever asked him to make, was to write to the Duke of York, promising, if his life were spared, to live beyond sea, and never again mingle with English politics. He took the step to satisfy her, though he himself had no hope.

The Marquis de Rouvigny, the maternal uncle of Lady Russell, had a good deal of influence with Louis the Fourteenth; and it is said, that he prevailed upon that monarch to write a letter to Charles the Second, in favour of Lord Russell. When Charles heard that Rouvigny was coming over with this letter, he said, "I cannot prevent the Marquis from coming here; but Lord Russell's head shall be struck off before he arrives."

Doctor Burnet was with Lord Russell every day in prison, and accompanied him to the scaffold; and he has given some very interesting details of what occurred during the last moments of his life. He says—"All the while he expressed a very Christian temper, without sharpness or resentment, vanity or affectation. His whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. Upon some occasions, as at table, or when his friends came to see him, he was decently cheerful. I was by him when the sheriffs came to show him the warrant for his execution. He read it with indifference; and when they were gone, he told me it was not decent to be merry with such a matter, otherwise he was near telling Rich, (who, though he was now of the other side, yet had been a member of the House of Commons, and had voted for the exclusion of the Duke of York,) that they should never sit together in the House any more to vote for the Bill of Exclusion. The day before his death he fell a bleeding at the nose; upon that he said to me pleasantly, 'I shall not now let blood to divert this: that will be done to-morrow.' At

night it rained hard: and he said, 'Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which was a dull thing in a rainy day.' He said the sins of his youth lay heavy upon his mind; but he hoped God had forgiven them, for he was sure he had forsaken them, and for many years he had walked before God with a sincere heart: if, in his public actings, he had committed errors, they were only the errors of his understanding; for he had no private ends nor ill designs of his own in them. He was still of opinion that the King was limited by law, and that when he broke through those limits, his subjects might defend themselves and restrain him: he thought a violent death was a very desirable way of ending one's life,—it was only the being exposed to be a little gazed at, and to suffer the pain of one minute, which he was confident was not equal to the pain of drawing a tooth. He said he felt none of those transports that some good people felt; but he had a full calm in his mind, no palpitation of heart, nor trembling at the thoughts of death. He was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to be now over his country; but he hoped his death would do more service than his life could have done. He thought it was necessary for him to leave a paper behind him at his death; and because he had not been accustomed to draw such papers, he desired me to give him a scheme of the heads fit to be spoken to, and of the order in which they should be laid, which I did; and he was for three days employed for some time in the morning to write out his speech. He ordered four copies to be made of it, all which he signed; and gave the original, with three of the copies, to his lady, and kept the other to give to the sheriffs on the scaffold. He writ it with great care; and the passages that were tender he writ in papers apart, and showed them to his lady and to myself, before he writ them out fair. He was very easy when this was ended. He also writ a letter to the King, in which he asked pardon for every thing he had said and done contrary to his duty, protesting he was innocent as to all designs against his person and government, and that his heart was ever devoted to that which he thought was his true interest.

He added, that though he thought he had met with hard measure, yet he forgave all concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest; and ended, hoping that his Majesty's displeasure at him would cease with his own life, and that no part of it should fall on his wife and children.

"On the Tuesday before Lord Russell's execution, after dinner, when his lady was gone, he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and said the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do, for he said she would hardly be able to bear it,—the concern about preserving him filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her. On Thursday, while my lady was gone to try to gain a respite till Monday,* he said, he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, that we left nothing undone that could have given any probable hopes, he acquiesced; and indeed I never saw his heart so near failing him as when he spoke of her,—sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse.

"The day before his death, he received the sacrament from Tillotson with much devotion. And I preached two short sermons to him, which he heard with great affection. And we were shut up until toward evening. Then Lady Russell brought him his little children, that he might take leave of them; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. Some few of his friends likewise came to bid him farewell. He spoke to his children in a way suited to their age, and with a good measure of cheerfulness, and took leave of his friends in a calm manner as surprised them all. Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. As soon as she was gone, he said to

* Even this small boon was denied her.

me, 'Now the bitterness of death is past;' for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. He ran out into a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him—and said, what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him; but her carriage in this extremity was beyond all. He was glad she and her children were to lose nothing by his death; and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes; which I heard her do.

"He went into his chamber about midnight: and I staid all night in the outer room. He went not to bed till about two in the morning; and was fast asleep till four, when, according to his order, we called him. He was quickly dressed, but would lose no time in shaving: for he said he was not concerned in his good looks that day. He went into his chamber six or seven times in the morning, and prayed by himself, and then came out to Tillotson and me: he drunk a little tea and some sherry. He wound up his watch, and said, 'Now I have done with time, and am going to eternity.' He asked me what he should give the executioner; I told him ten guineas: he said with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his own head cut off. When the sheriffs called him about ten o'clock, Lord Cavendish was waiting below to take leave of him. They embraced very tenderly. Lord Russell, after he had left him, upon a sudden thought came back to him, and pressed him earnestly to apply himself more to religion; and told him what great comfort and support he felt from it now in his extremity.

"Tillotson and I went in the coach with him to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted: he was touched with a tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at

all provoked by the other. In passing, he looked toward Southampton-House: the tear started in his eye, but he instantly wiped it away. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said, he hoped to sing better very soon. Observing the great crowds of people, he said, 'I hope I shall soon see a much better assembly.' When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it four or five times. Then he turned to the sheriff and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any designs against the king's life, or government: he prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. He wished all Protestants might love one another, and not make way for popery by their animosities. After he had delivered the papers, he prayed by himself: then Tillotson prayed with him. After that he prayed again by himself, and then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance: and it was cut off at two strokes."

Of Lady Russell we know nothing during this melancholy scene. But who cannot imagine her feelings, till the heart aches with the painfulness of sympathy? While there was anything to do for him—while there was a shadow of hope—there was something to support her fortitude; but when she had looked on him for the last time—when she returned to her desolate home, where she was never more to welcome him,—there to count the wretched minutes that should elapse before the fatal stroke was given—Oh God! what but thine infinite mercy could have supported her through that mortal agony!

Lord Russell was beheaded on Saturday, July 21st, 1683. He died as he had lived: the firm friend of truth, of the Protestant religion, and of the liberties of his country. His firmness in refusing to make any retraction of sentiments which his conscience approved, is the strongest evidence of that integrity and virtue, which gave him so much influence in his own time, and have for ever consecrated his name to posterity. In private life he was unexceptionable. His benevolence never kept pace with his income; and the greatest satisfaction he took in the prospect of inheriting large estates was, that they would

increase his power of doing good.—He was not beheaded on Tower-Hill, (the common place of execution for men of high rank) but in Lincoln's-inn-fields, in order that the populace might be humbled by the sight of their favourite leader carried through the city, to the place of execution. This plan, like most others of a similar kind, produced an effect totally different from what was intended. Perhaps the death of Lord Russell, followed by that of his friend Sidney, tended more than any other single event, to bring about the Revolution, which not long after for ever freed England from the insupportable tyranny of the Stuarts. Oldmixon informs us, that the Duke of York descended so low in his revenge, as to desire that this innocent nobleman might be executed before his own door in Bloomsbury-Square: an insult the king himself would not consent to.

"The substance of the paper Lord Russell gave the sheriff, was, first a profession of his religion, and of his sincerity in it;—that he was of the Church of England, but wished all would unite together against the common enemy;—that churchmen would be less severe, and dissenters less scrupulous. He owned he had a great deal against Popery, which he looked on as an idolatrous and bloody religion; but that, though he was at all times ready to venture his life for his religion or his country, yet that would never have carried him to a black or wicked design. No man ever had the impudence to move to him any thing with relation to the King's life; he prayed heartily for him, that in his person and government he might be happy both in this world and the next. He owned he had been earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way, in his opinion, to secure both the King's life and the Protestant religion; and to that he imputed his present sufferings: but he forgave all concerned in them, and charged his friends not to think of revenge. He thought his sentence was hard: killing by forms of law was the worst sort of murder." At the close, he says, "Since my sentence, I have had few thoughts but preparatory ones for death; yet the importunity of my friends, and particularly *the best and dearest wife in*

the world, prevailed with me to sign petitions for my life, to which I was ever averse ; for (I thank God) though in all respects I have lived the happiest and contentedest man in the world, (for now very near fourteen years,) yet I am so willing to leave all, that it was not without difficulty that I did any thing for the saving of my life, that was begging ; but I was willing to let my friends see what power they had over me, and that I was not obstinate nor sullen, but would do any thing that an honest man could do for their satisfaction, which was the only motive that swayed or had any weight with me.

"And now to sum up all, as I had not any design against the king's life, or the life of any man whatsoever, so I never was in any contrivance of altering the government. What the heats, passions, and vanities of other men have occasioned, I ought not to be responsible for, nor could I help them, though I now suffer for them. But the will of the Lord be done, into whose hands I commend my spirit ! and trust that Thou, O most merciful Father, hast forgiven all my transgressions, the sins of my youth, and all the errors of my past life, and that Thou wilt not lay my secret sins and ignorances to my charge, but will graciously support me during that small time of life now before me, and assist me in my last moments, and not leave me then to be disordered by fear, or any other temptation, but make the light of thy countenance to shine upon me. Thou art my sun and my shield, and as thou supportest me by thy grace, so I hope thou wilt hereafter crown me with glory, and receive me into the fellowship of angels and saints, in that blessed inheritance purchased for me by my most merciful Redeemer, who is, I trust, at thy right hand, preparing a place for me, and is ready to receive me ; into whose hands I commend my spirit !"

The speech of Lord Russell to the sheriffs, and the paper he delivered to them at the place of execution, are still preserved at Woburn-Abbey in letters of gold. The speech was so soon printed, that it was selling about the streets an hour after Lord Russell's death. The King and the Duke of York were extremely angry. Doctor

Burnet was accused of advising and assisting in it, and was called before the King to answer for himself. At the command of the monarch he read to him a journal containing a minute account of all that had passed between him and Lord Russell, which he had written at the request of Lady Russell. The light in which this presented the noble-minded victim was quite as displeasing to the Court as the paper delivered to the sheriffs had been ; and Dr. Burnet was universally considered as a ruined man.

Lady Russell, in these first days of her despondency, was aroused to address a letter to the King, to repel the attack made upon her husband's memory, by thus denying the authenticity of the papers he left. In this letter she does full justice to Dr. Burnet's conduct and sentiments.

LADY RUSSELL'S LETTER TO CHARLES II.

Indorsed by her, " My letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death."

" May it please your Majesty,—I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. 'Tis a great addition to my sorrows to hear your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriffs at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure 'tis an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words as we like, or are accustomed to, in our conversation. I beg leave farther to avow to your Majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your Majesty on Sunday night,* to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true ; as I doubt

* The Journal.

not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your Majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who, in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own, what was not properly and expressly so. And if, after the loss in such a manner of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your Majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which, when I was so importunate to speak with your Majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief: and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities, (and your Majesty in your greatest posts,) and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign.

Who am, with all humility,

May it please your Majesty," &c.

Not long after this, Dr. Burnet was discharged from preaching the Thursday lecture at St Clement's, for a sermon on the words—"Save me from the lion's mouth: thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns." This was thought of dangerous construction, because the lion and unicorn supported the king's escutcheon; so timid a thing is tyranny! He was soon after dismissed from being preacher of the Rolls. On the accession of James the second, he deemed it safe to leave England; during his reign he resided in Holland, enjoying the

friendship and confidence of the Prince and Princess of Orange, who afterward came to the English throne. Violent pamphlets against Lord Russell, full of bloody charges, were published by those hirelings, of whom plenty may be found in every age and country, always ready to bow down and worship the reigning powers. But although Lady Russell's gentle heart was almost crushed under its weight of misery, she was ever a faithful guardian of her husband's fame; and we find her using the utmost diligence to have all false charges publicly refuted. The course of public events assisted her affectionate endeavours to transmit his name to posterity in unclouded lustre. During a temporary reconciliation between Charles and his son, Duke of Monmouth, the Duke solemnly averred that all Lord Russell had stated was strictly true, and that in losing him, the king lost the best subject he ever had. Other circumstances tended to prove that pretended plots had been fabricated, and that even what was true had been much exaggerated. In consequence of these things, Charles is said to have expressed some regret at the severe measures that had been taken.

In one point of view, it must have been a great consolation to Lady Russell to have her husband's innocence so fully proved, and so universally believed; but in another point of view, it must have aggravated her "raging sorrow," to feel that had he but lived a little longer, he might have avoided the dreadful fate, which cut him off in the strength of his days.

Her own pathetic letters will best express the deep and abiding sorrow of this meekly-resigned, and most celestial woman.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.*

Woburn-Abbey, Sept. 30, 1683.

[About two months after Lord Russell's death.]

"I need not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon

* He had been chaplain in her father's family.

find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrow, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness toward receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow, till, by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine. But, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition;* but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts. I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with: all these things are irksome to me now,—the day unwelcome, and the night so too: all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure *he* took in them,—

* Some words are lost in this sentence.

this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? Oh! if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be so dejected; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No: I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business than to rid my soul of sin,—secure, by faith and a good conscience, my eternal interests,—with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it; and when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, by his infinite mercy, I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good Doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds when I let myself loose to my complaints; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers, for your infinitely afflicted, but very faithful servant,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

DR. BURNET TO LADY RUSSELL.

Feb. 2. 1684.

* * * * *

“ I can truly say, the vast veneration I have for your Ladyship, both upon his account to whom you were so dear, and on your own, which increaseth with every letter I receive from you, makes me impatient if any thing occur that might be matter of censure.* I know you act by worthy and noble principles, and you have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop out of my hand when I begin to write to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain. I am confident God has

* This refers to some advice about a matter not explained, probably something which he feared would offend the government.

not bestowed such talents on you, and taken such pains, both by kind and severe providences, to distinguish you from most other women in the world, but on a design to make you an instrument of much good; and I am very glad you intend to employ so much of your own time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess; for as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirits. I long so much to see your Ladyship, and those about you, in this employment, that I hope you will pardon me, if I beg leave to come down and wait on you, when the Master of the Rolls goes out of town; for since it was not thought fit that I should go on with the Thursday's lecture, I am master of my own time during the weeks of the vacation; and I will esteem that which I hope to pass at Woburn as the best of them. I will not touch in all this letter your deep and ever green and tender wound. I believe the touching of it in the softest manner, gives more pain than all I can say about it can mitigate; and therefore I shall say no more of it, but that it comes in as large a part of my best thoughts that God would give you such an inward sense of his love, and of the wisdom and kindness of his providence, and of the blessed state to which he has raised that dearest part of yourself, and whither the rest will follow in due time, that all these things may swallow up the bitter sense of the terrible stroke you lie under, and may possess you with these true and solid joys that are the only proper cure for such a wound. But I will dwell no longer on so dismal a subject, for I am afraid you dwell too much on it. * * *

* * * Now the business of the printer* is at an end; and, considering how it was managed, it has dwindled to a very small fine, which one may well say was either too much or too little. The true design of the prosecution was to find me in it, and so the printer was tampered with much to name the author." * * *

* The printer was convicted of printing a libel, called Lord Russell's Speech, and, having made his submission, was fined only 20 marks.

Mr. Hoskins, a lawyer, on whose good sense and discretion Lady Russell had great reliance, thus writes to her:—"I am much pleased to hear your Ladyship so resolved to follow your business. Your Ladyship will require less help than most others, and are so much valued, that there is nobody of worth but will be glad to serve you. Nothing but your sorrows can hinder you doing all that is to be done; and give me leave, Madam, as often as it comes in my way, to mind your Ladyship, that the hopes your dear Lord had, that you would bear his loss with magnanimity, and nothing would be wanting to his children, loosened all the hold this world had of him."

Having been some time at Woburn-Abbey with her, in March 1684, the same gentleman, after treating of business, says, "I wish I could find your Ladyship had a little more overcome your mighty grief. To see how it had wasted your body, how heavy it lay upon your mind, and how hardly you struggled with it, made me melancholy all the time I was at Woburn. * * * At all times and places I shall sadly reflect on your Ladyship, and pray that God would comfort you, and lift up your drooping spirit."

In the April following, after some details about her affairs, he writes—"I do indeed wish well to your Ladyship's affairs; but what most concerns me is, to see you so overwhelmed with grief. I should not doubt their good success, were you not so much oppressed with that: it pities me to see how hard you struggle with it, and how doubtful it is which will overcome. Continue, good Madam, to do your utmost,—the more you strive, the more God will help. All the little service that I have done, or can do your Ladyship, are not worth half the notice you take of them. There cannot be a greater pleasure in the world than serving a person I so much value, both on your own account, and upon his of whom you were so deplorably bereft."

But as Lady Russell had never been selfish in prosperity, neither would she be selfish in sorrow. In the midst of her affecting struggles with her "mighty grief,"

she neglected no immediate duty, either to the memory of her Lord—to her own children—or the children of her beloved sister. By the condemnation of Lord Russell for treason, the trust of Lady Elizabeth Noel's children devolved upon the King. In a letter concerning the re-settlement of her sister's trust, Mr. Hoskins says—"I cannot but very much approve the great care you have of my Lady Elizabeth Noel's children, answerable to your near relation and great friendship."

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

" 'Tis above a fortnight, I believe, good Doctor, since I received your comforting letter, and 'tis displeasing to me that I am but now sitting down to tell you so; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the oppressions I feel;—however, 'tis my lot, and a part of my duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me. That remembrance makes me do my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, such as I am now about. If in the multitude of those sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, (though, alas! such are but momentary,) 'tis by casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep, or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with. * * *

You deal with me, Sir, just as I would be dealt withal; and 'tis possible I feel the more smart from my raging griefs, because I would not take them off, but upon fit considerations: 'tis easiest to our natures to have our deep wounds gently handled; yet as most profitable, I would yield, nay, desire to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design it, they may not fester. 'Tis possible I grasp at too much of this kind, for a spirit so broke by affliction. I am so jealous that time or necessity, (the ordinary abater of all violent passions,) nay, even

employment, or company of such friends as I have left, should do that which my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief, as I can ever hope for—a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffectual unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and to gain such a victory over myself, that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear object of my desires, which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live, that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part which is incumbent on me, in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great strength of spirits and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait, till he have pity on me, humbly imploring, that by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himself,—then I shall be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such spiritual blessings, who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections, which are surely increased by the subtle malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantage upon my present weak and wasted spirits—assaulting me with divers temptations, as when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room: when I am less afflicted, then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other; that if either greater persuasions had been used he had gone away, or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrow); so that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened

by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts."

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Woburn Abbey, April 20, 1684.

* * * "The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass as I would just choose: sense has been long enough gratified; indeed so long, I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain, from whence all flows: while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet; but I am undone, irrevocably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect; every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition; but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will, I verily believe, do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run on too greedily upon this subject: indeed it is very hard upon me to restrain it, especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist toward my relief any way in their power. * *

* * * I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Stratton for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: but I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me! Nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall

be no bar, if it prove requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is settling, and indeed giving up the trust, my dear lord had from my best sister. Fain would I see that performed as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them. I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. If I do go, I take my sister Margaret, and I believe Lady Shaftesbury will meet me there. This I choose, as thinking some persons being there to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blest by the good prayers of others for me, they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation. Your ever mournful, but ever faithful friend to serve you, R. RUSSELL."

The "obligation" of going to Stratton was delayed by the sickness and death of the heart-stricken mother of Lord Russell,* the Countess of Bedford, who died at Woburn, on the 16th of May; and after the performance of the melancholy duties attendant upon this event, it was again postponed on account of the illness of her little son. After the recovery of the child, she indulged herself in visiting the tomb, which contained the remains of her husband, at Chenies in Buckinghamshire. At this period, she thus writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woburn-Abbey, June, 1684.

* * * "God has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them—the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill; and

* The lovely Lady Anne Carr, daughter of the Earl of Somerset by the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex.

God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring, weary mind, with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavours to do that part toward them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted. And which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come, here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit, (that is, the case that holds it.) It is a satisfaction to me you did not disprove of what I did in it, as some do that it seems have heard of it, though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself. Doctor, I had considered; I went not to seek the living among the dead; I knew I should not see him any more, wherever I went; and I had made a covenant with myself not to break out in unreasonable, fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society; there I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time; I hope to wait without impatience. As for the information you require, it is not in my power to be punctual. I reckon my first and chief business is my attendance on these children, that is, their persons; and till I see the boy in full strength, I dare not leave him, though but for one fortnight. I had fixed on the 20th of May to go to Stratton, and from that time to this, good Lady Shaftesbury has been a constant expectation to be summoned to meet me there; but Lady Bedford's death, and then the child, has kept me in this place. He has three teeth to cut, and till they be, I am apt to think he will hardly recover full strength: it may be in a week, it may be not in a month, as the wise folks say. So you

see my uncertainties. As soon as I am fixed, you shall be sure to know it."

Instead of her intended journey to Stratton, Lady Russell removed from Woburn, the latter part of June, to Totteridge in Hertfordshire, for a change of air for her boy, and to be nearer the London physicians. She carried her elder daughter with her, leaving the younger at Woburn, with her grandfather. A letter from the old Earl, at this period, shows how much she was beloved by her husband's family; and her affectionate heart seems to have reciprocated all their kindness; some years afterward, being consulted concerning a projected marriage with Mr. Edward Russell, she writes, "I can pronounce it the easiest family to converse or live with that I have ever known, or could observe."

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF BEDFORD TO
LADY RUSSELL.

Woburn, this 7th July, 1684.

"DEAREST DAUGHTER,—There is nothing in this world can come so welcome to me, as to hear of increase of hopes; that God Almighty will be so infinitely good and gracious unto me, as to give unto my fervent prayers that dear child, which if it be his good will and pleasure to grant to so unworthy a creature as I am, I shall look upon it all the days of my life as the greatest temporal blessing can be bestowed upon me, and that will supply and make up in a great measure the other great afflictions and crosses he has been pleased to lay upon me. Dear daughter, I look upon it as a good sign the holding up of his head, that the humor is gone, which I believe was the cause of the hanging down of his head. I pray Christ Jesus to give us such a blessing unto the means, that I may have every day more and more hopes of seeing that day of rejoicing, in enjoying your company and his here again, which is the constant and fervent prayer of my soul unto my gracious God."

So hoping to hear of some comfortable tidings by the bearer of that dear little one, being full of prayers and fears for him and you, I rest with all the kindness in the world, which I am sure I shall do to my last breath,

Your most affectionate Father

and Friend to command,

BEDFORD.

"My dear love and blessing to my dear boy and Mrs. Rachel. I am much cheered with Mrs. Katarine's company; she is often with me, and looks very well."

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Totteridge, August 3, 1684.

"The last letter I writ to you, good Doctor, was upon the 21st July;* and I find yours dated the 25th; so I conclude you had not read mine. If you have not, yours is the kinder, since I find you had entertained a memory of that return of time my sufferings in this sad and dismal year began; and which indeed I could not pass but with some more than usual solemnity; yet I hope I took the best arts I could to convert my anguish into advantages, and force away from my thoughts those terrible representations they would raise (at such times especially) upon me; but I was so large in my discourse then, that it being possible it may have lighted into your hands before this does, I will not be ever repeating either my own sad story, or my own weak behaviour under it; but rather speak to the question you would be answered in, when I design for Stratton or whether not at all? Truly, I cannot tell you which: since I move but as I am convinced is best in reference to my boy, at present, with the care of his sister, the only worldly business in this perishing world. You hear why I come hither, and soon will know I wanted the auxiliaries you took care to send me: sure I did so: but it hath pleased the Author of all mer-

* Lord Russell was arrested June 26th, tried July 13th, and beheaded July 21st, 1683.

cies to give me some glimpse and ray of his compassions in this dark day of my calamity, the child being exceedingly better; and I trust no secret murmur or discontent at what I have felt, and must still do, shall provoke my God to repeat those threatenings of making yet more bitter that cup I have drank so deeply out of; but as a quiet submission is required under all the various methods of Divine Providence, I trust I shall be so supported, that though unfit thoughts may haunt me, they shall not break in importunately upon me; nor will I break off that bandage time will lay over my wound. To them that seek the Lord, his mercies are renewed every morning: with all my strength to him I will seek; and though he kill me I will trust in him; my hopes are not of this world: I can never more recover pleasure here; but more durable joys I shall obtain, if I persevere to the end of a short life."

* * * * *

A project of going to Stratton in September was again put off by the proposed removal of the Court to Winchester, where Charles occasionally resided in autumn, for the convenience of field-sports. The near neighbourhood of Stratton would have made a residence there, at such a time, peculiarly unpleasant to the widowed Lady Russell. In September she returned to Woburn-Abbey; and soon after, she writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam—"I have resolved to try that desolate habitation of mine at London this winter. The doctor agrees it is the best place for my boy, and I have no argument to balance that, nor could I take the resolution to see London till that was urged; but, by God's permission, I will see how I can endure that place, in thought a place of terror to me; but I know if sorrow had not another root, that will vanish in a few days. As soon as I had formed, or rather submitted to this advice, I hastened hither upon it, that Lord Bedford might have some weeks' comfort in the child before I took him from him."

In November, she again writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam, from Woburn-Abbey:—"I have, you find, Sir, lingered out my time; and I think none will wonder at it, that

will reflect the place I am going to remove to, was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could have laid down mine to have continued. 'Twas, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadow will not sink me."

The death of Charles—the accession of the Duke of York, under the title of James the Second—the new rebellion of Monmouth, his failure and final execution—were events that must have been painfully interesting to Lady Russell, whose susceptible heart had, from time to time, been wounded by the execution of her husband's friends, and the fines levied upon all who attempted to justify his memory. She thus writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam:—

Southampton House, July 17, 1685.

* * * "Never could you have more seasonably fed me with such discourses, than in these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach; and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, Doctor, 'tis the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it,—then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done? * and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think I have in the least offended thee, O my

* She probably alludes to the execution of the Duke of Monmouth.
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God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes, as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus: that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectation of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature, for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still enjoy, in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold—I hope youth will struggle and overcome: they are the children of one whose least concerns touch me to the quick, *—their mother was a delicious friend. Sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself; yet how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! But I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me." * * *

"The following reflections, which she makes upon Monmouth's insurrection, no doubt give a faithful view of her husband's character, and of the circumstances in which he was involved:—"I take this late wild attempt to be a new project, not depending on, or linked in the least to, any former design; if there was any real one, which I am satisfied was not, no more than (my own Lord confessed) talk, and it is possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to supposed evils might be sought, how it could be found. But as I was saying, if all this late attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my Lord must have lain under would have been great; and some circumstances, I do confess, must have made his part a hard one. So that from deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed, God only knows. From the frailty of the will I should have feared but little evil; for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such

* Of her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Noel.
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principles that were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's; for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into any thing considerable upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know, he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings, and therefore most probably must have set loose from them. But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced, from the time his life was taken away to this. On the other hand, having, I trust, a reasonable ground of hope he has found those mercies, that he died with a cheerful persuasion he should, there is no reason to mourn my loss, when that soul I loved so well lives in felicities, and shall do so to all eternity."

The rapid strides of James the Second toward the subversion of the religion and constitution of England were not unmarked by Lady Russell. Her letters show that she took a strong interest in the political news of the day, though always with a reference to him whose memory she faithfully treasured in her heart. Speaking of the depraved times, she says—"The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is safe landed on the happy shore of a blessed eternity. Doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity. I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions while I possessed him. All relish now is gone."

* * *
I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say, with the man in the gospel, 'I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'"

Lady Russell was detained in London much longer than she intended or wished. Her uncle, M. de Rouvigny, had come from France to solicit James the Second for the removal of the attainder of Lord Russell from his children. He brought with him his wife and niece; and the young lady was unfortunately seized with the small-

pox and died. Lady Russell, at the earnest entreaties of her uncle, immediately conveyed her children to their grandfather's, at Bedford-House in the Strand, and afterward saw the little tribe safely lodged in Woburn-Abbey. She writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam:—"I returned myself to Bedford-House, to take my last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous, tender a friend as ever any body had.* To my uncle and aunt their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary. She died (as most do) as she had lived—a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her,—ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it.† What a glorious thing, Doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or her prudence; yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you."

Among the MSS. at Woburn-Abbey are preserved copies, in Lady Russell's handwriting, of two letters from the Marquis de Rouvigny to the King, and notes of several conversations with his ministers, Hyde and Godolphin, upon the subject of removing the attainder from Lord Russell's children. This was promised from time to time, with the insincerity that characterized the court. Among these papers is one indorsed by Lady Russell,—

"Some discourses upon a visit from the Lord Treasurer [Hyde] to me.

"The Lord Treasurer told me that my uncle had seemed to have set the effecting it much on his heart, and with the greatest kindness to me imaginable. I told my Lord I believed it, and indeed the friendship was so

* The Marquis de Rouvigny.

† The Hugonots were then cruelly persecuted in France.

surprising, his Lordship knew very well the world imputed his coming to England to some other cause, or at least thought he had been earnestly invited to it: for the last, I positively affirmed he had not been; but as to the first, it was too deep for me to judge of.

At the same time, I am sure nothing can be done *for* me now, that can diminish, or *to* me, that can augment what I feel.

I do assure your Lordship I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great, than to see them so. I will do what I can they may deserve to be so, and then quietly wait what will follow. That I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much as can be due to man, that if my son lives, he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had had a mother less ignorant, or less negligent, he had not then been compelled to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have."

After her uncle's return to France, she rejoined her children at Woburn-Abbey. The last of November 1685, she writes—"I believe it may be near Christmas before my Lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed with him about it, nor how long he desires our company; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not;—he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniences be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world, and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of your obliged servant,

"R. RUSSELL."

In January 1686, Lord Delamere was tried for partaking in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and was acquitted. This circumstance painfully reminded Lady Russell of her husband's harder fate. Speaking of this event, she says—"I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But as diseased bodies turn the best

nourishments, and even cordials into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here: for which I hope my punishment will end with life."

The revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Louis the Fourteenth, and the cruelties exercised against the Protestants, produced a great sensation in England, and tended to hasten the downfall of James the Second. Lady Russell, speaking of Louis, says—"I cannot choose but think myself less miserable than this poor king; so truly miserable, by debasing, as he does, the dignity of human nature. Near two millions of souls made of the same clay as himself, have felt the rigours of that savage man. It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers, and sent into monasteries,—their mothers to another. The husband to prison or the galley. These are amazing providences! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers!"

In these troublesome times, the Marquis de Rouvigny, as an especial favour, obtained from Louis the Fourteenth, permission to remove with his family to England, where he died. His son entered the service of William and Mary, though he forfeited his French estates by it;—he was by them created Earl of Galway. Mr. Evelyn, in his Diary, mentions that he assisted at a French sermon, in Greenwich church, to a congregation of above a hundred French refugees, of which M. de Rouvigny was the chief, and for whom he had obtained the use of the parish church, after the English service was over.

The mother of Lady Russell was a Hugonot; and

with other virtuous and noble principles instilled by her father, she received from him sentiments of great toleration with regard to religion. Clarendon thinks it necessary to make a slight apology for the Earl of Southampton's liberality in this respect. He says, "He was a man of exemplary virtue and piety, and very regular in his devotions; yet he was not generally believed by the bishops to have an affection keen enough for the government of the church, because he was willing and desirous that something more might have been done to gratify the Presbyterians than they thought just."

His daughter evinced the same kind regard for the religious opinions and feelings of others. In writing to Dr. Fitzwilliam to procure a chaplain for her family, she says, "I approve the Church of England—the best church, and the best offices and services in it upon the face of the earth that we know of. But I covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all that cannot think as he does. I would have him of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably and without giving offence to such as have the freedom of my family, though these are not of our church.—I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions."

Lady Russell, with her usual good sense and kind feeling, resolved to employ one of the refugees to instruct her son, then nearly six years old, in the French language. She says, "Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows. By taking a Frenchman I shall do a charity, and profit the child also." The doating grandfather objected to the plan, lest the boy's health should be injured by study; but Lady Russell, though a very devoted mother, was not a weakly indulgent one; and she overcame Lord Bedford's scruples by the assurance that the child should not be urged beyond his strength. Through his whole life she watched over the education and character of her son with the most scrupulous attention—alike regardless of her own anxieties, and her own indulgence.

Acting under the influence of the same blessed spirit, which never allowed her to be selfish, in joy or in sor-

row, we find her, in case of sickness in Lady Montague's* family, taking charge of her children. She says, "My own sad trials making me know how mean a comforter I can be, I think my best service is to take care of her two children, who are both well now, and I hope God will be pleased to keep them so."

When her advice and assistance was asked concerning making a proposal of marriage to one of her sister's (Lady Noel) daughters, she writes—"I have done it, though I wish choice had been made of any other person than myself, who, desiring to know the world no more, am utterly unfit for the management of any thing in it; but must, as I can, engage in such necessary offices to my children as I cannot be dispensed from, nor desire to be, since it is an eternal obligation upon me to the memory of a husband, to whom and to his I have dedicated the few and sad remainder of my days."

Time seems to have wrought but little change in her deep, unostentatious sorrow. In July 1686, she thus writes: "On Tuesday my sister Allington designs to be here: I am sorry it happens to be just on that day, since I affect nothing that is particular or singular; but as yet I have not seen any body besides my children on that day—being the 13th of July—nor does it seem decent for me to do it, almost when I remember the sad scene I saw and attended at all that day, and the miserable accidents of it, as the unfortunate end of Lord Essex, to me so fatal, if the Duchess of Portsmouth told me true, that they said the jury could not have condemned my Lord, if my Lord Essex had not died as he did. But I will do as I can: I hope she will not misconstrue what I shall do. I am sure I will never fail to her, (by God's grace,) because I know how tenderly *he* loved her, though I am apt to think now she returned it not in love to a degree I once thought she had for him, and that sure he merited from her. But we are not always loved most by those we love best." A few days after, she writes—"It is the 21st completes my three years of true sorrow,

* Formerly Lady Percy.

which should be turned rather into joy ; as you have laid it before me with reasons strongly maintained and rarely illustrated. Sure he is one of those has gained by a dismissal from longer attendance here : while he lived his being pleased made me so too, and so it should do still, and then my soul should be full of joy. I should be easy and cheerful, but it is sad and heavy ; so little we distinguish how and why we love—to me it argues a prodigious fondness of one's self. * * * This comfort I think I have in my afflictions, that I can say, ' Unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble.' The rising from the dead is a glorious contemplation ! nothing raises a drooping spirit like it."

In June 1687, Lady Russell made her long-intended visit to Stratton. She describes herself as "indeed brimful with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived regularly here before. The poor children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and them ; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible, and I could not but be content with it in my own mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family, though after that I would cherish a cheerful temper in them with all the industry I can ; for sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit."

On the 25th of June, she writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam :—"Seasonably enough your letter comes to me, this being the eve of the sad day that ushered in the great calamity of my life. The same day my dear Lord was carried from his house, I entertained the sad assurance of quickly after losing the sight of him for ever in this world ; what the manner of it will be in the next is dark and unknown to us—it is enough that we shall be happy eternally. My house is full of company : to-morrow being Sunday, I propose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unjustifiable passions ; but having given some hours to pri-

vacy in the morning, live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial ; for all these sad years past I have dispensed with the seeing any body, or till late at night,—sometimes I could not avoid that, without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like best to give up to reflection—the day my Lord was parted from his family—that of his trial—and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world."

On the mournful 21st of July, the same year, she again writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam :—"I must observe to you how kindly Providence (I will imitate you, and not call it chance) disposes of your letters to my hands. I read yours of July 11th, on the 20th, the eve of that day—I will not suffer my hand to write fatal, because the blow struck on it was that which gave eternal rest to my beloved friend. I do not contend on these days with frail nature, but keep her as innocent as I can. What you stated to me is just : I had made him my idol, though I did not know it—loved man too much, and God too little ; yet my constant prayer was not to do so, but not enough fervent I doubt. I will turn the object of my love all I can upon his loved children ; and if I may be directed and blessed in their education, what is it I have to ask in relation to this perishing world for myself ? It is joy and peace in believing that I covet, having nothing to fear but sin."

In this year, Lord Cavendish (now Earl of Devonshire) the generous and active friend of Lord Russell, proposed a union of the families by the marriage of his son with Lady Russell's eldest daughter. As the parties were very young, and large estates were to be settled on both sides, the arrangements cost the parents some trouble. Lady Russell writes, "I am in a great and constant hurry, from my careful endeavours to do my duty to my child, and to my friend, sister Margaret Russell,* which, by God's grace, I intend to do as cordially as to my child-

* Lord Strafford had proposed for her ; the marriage did not take place.

ren. I meet with many difficulties in both; yet in my girl's there is no stop but such as the former settlements caused, which will hinder a conclusion till he is sixteen. I trust if I perfect this great work, my careful endeavours will prosper; only the Almighty knows what the event shall be; but sure it is a glimmering of light I did not look for in my dark day. I do often repeat in my thoughts, the children of the just shall be blessed: I am persuaded their father was such; and if my heart deceive me not, I intend the being so, and humbly bless God for it."

In another letter, speaking of the occupation given her by her daughter's proposed marriage, she says, "I would fain be delivered from them, conclude my affairs, and so put some period to that inroad methinks I make in my intended manner of living upon earth. But I hope my duty will always prevail over the strongest inclination I have. I believe to assist my yet helpless children is my business, which makes me take many dinners abroad, and do of that nature many things, the performance of which is hard enough to a heavy and weary mind, but yet I bless God for it."

The arrangements were at last satisfactorily completed. In 1688, the "little Fubs," mentioned in Lady Russell's charming *love-letters*, became Lady Cavendish, afterward Duchess of Devonshire. By a melancholy coincidence, the marriage took place on the 21st of June, a circumstance which Lady Russell would gladly have avoided, had she ever in her whole life allowed herself to be selfish; but the Lord Devonshire, having other engagements, was in haste, and she raised no objections. After this wedding she writes, "As early as my mournful heart can, I will pass over those sad days, which at the return of the year will, let me struggle all I can, set more lively than at other times, sad objects before my sight: but the reviving hope of that immortal life my dear friend is already possessed of, is my best support. This very solemnity has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force, making me too tender; though in retirement they are pleasant: and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure, if departed souls know

what we do, he approves of what I have done, and it is a reward upon his children for his patience, and so entire submission during his sufferings. * *

There is a sort of secret delight in the privacy of one of those mournful days; I think, besides a better reason, one is, that I do not tie myself up as I do on other days: for God knows my eyes are ever ready to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart, which I shall carry to the grave, that quiet bed of rest. * *

That I have not sunk under the pressure, has been I hope in mercy, that I might be better fitted for my eternal state; and form the children of a loved husband, before I go hence. With these thoughts I can be hugely content to live; though God only knows how I may acquit myself, and what help I may be to my young creatures; I mean well toward them, if I know my heart." In August the young bridegroom went abroad upon his travels, and Lady Cavendish remained with her mother. Dr. Tillotson had at first feared an abatement in Lady Russell's esteem, on account of the unworthy concessions he had advised her husband to make; but his first interview after Lord Russell's death occasioned a perfect renewal of friendship, and he continued to correspond with her during her life. In a letter on the subject of her daughter's marriage, he says, "I pray God to preserve my Lord Cavendish in his travels from the hazards of all kinds to which he is likely to be exposed, and to return him to you and to his excellent lady, greatly improved in all true, noble, and virtuous qualities. My mind doth presage much happiness to you in him; I earnestly wish it."

The "hazards" to which Dr. Tillotson alludes, were, in part, political. There is a spirit in the English people, which will not long endure any gross violation of their liberties. William, Prince of Orange, was urged to come over to free the kingdom from the bigotry and intolerance of his father-in-law. James was as cowardly in adversity as he had been insolent in power. Notwithstanding the untiring malice with which he had persecuted Lord Russell, he dared to apply to the Earl of Bedford for assistance. The afflicted monarch is said to have addressed him thus:

"My Lord, you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service." The aged Earl replied, "Ah, sir, I am old and feeble; I can do you but little service; *I once had a son*, that could have assisted you; but he is no more." James was so much struck with this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes.

When Dykevelt, Minister Plenipotentiary from the States of Holland, arrived in England, he was sent, by the express order of the Prince and Princess of Orange, to Lady Russell, to condole with her on her loss, and assure her of the lively interest they took in it, both as having a great and just regard for the two families to which she belonged, and as considering her lord's death a great blow to the Protestant religion; assuring her at the same time, there was nothing in their power, they were not ready to do, either for herself or her son. The ambassador declared that he did not deliver this message in his private capacity; but that he was charged with it as a public minister. The Princess of Orange, in a letter to Lady Russell, says, "If you knew the esteem I have for you, you would be persuaded your letters could not be too troublesome; and since you will make me believe it is some satisfaction to you, I shall desire you to continue, for I assure you I am extreme glad to contribute any way to that. I hope this match of your daughter's will afford you all the joy and comfort you can desire. I do not question but you have made a very good choice; and since I wish so well to my Lord Devonshire, I cannot but be glad it is his son, believing you will have taught your daughter, after your own example, to be so good a wife, that Lord Cavendish cannot choose but be very happy with her. I assure you I wish it with all my heart, and if that could contribute anything to your content, you may be sure of as much as it is possible for you to have; and not only my wishes, but upon all occasions I shall be glad to show more than by words, the esteem I have for you.

"MARIE."

Hague, February 13, 1688.

Two whole months elapsed between the landing of the Prince of Orange and the final departure of King James—a period of great difficulty and danger to those actively concerned in politics. Lady Russell evidently watched with anxiety for the clearing away of the storm; but her letters are extremely guarded in their expressions. She removed with Lord Bedford from Woburn to London, in season to witness the peaceable settlement of the new government. She thus speaks of this important event:—"Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it more than a dream; yet it is real, and so amazing a reality of mercy, as ought to melt our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him, who is the dispenser of all providences."

The young Lady Cavendish was present with her mother-in-law, the Countess of Devonshire, at the proclamation of William and Mary, and accompanied her to their first drawing-room in the evening of the same day. The following extracts are taken from a letter in which she describes the scene:—"My Lord Halifax made the Prince and Princess a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the Lords to accept of the crown. The Prince answered him in a few words, and the Princess made curtsies. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she was troubled. The Speaker of the House of Commons showed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. I was at the sight, and, you may imagine, very much pleased to see them proclaimed in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There was wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to Court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles almost in every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies himself mightily to business, and is wonder-

fully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight ; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen, she is really altogether very handsome ; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess."

One of the first acts of William and Mary was the reversal of Lord Russell's attainder. In the preamble to the bill his execution is declared a *murder*. In 1689, the House of Commons appointed a committee to examine who were the advisers and promoters of Lord Russell's murder. These proceedings awakened the inconsolable widow to a thousand painful recollections, and no doubt gave rise to bitter regret that he could no longer be benefited by the royal predilections in his favour.

Her half sister Lady Montague, thus writes to her : " I am very sorry, my dear sister, to find by yours that your thoughts have been so much disturbed with what I thought ought to have some contrary effect. It is very true, what is once taken from us, in that nature, can never be returned ; all that remains of comfort (according to *my* temper) is a bringing to punishment those who were so wickedly and unjustly the cause of it. I confess it was a great satisfaction to me to hear that was the public care ; it being so much to the honour, as well as what was in justice due to your dead lord, that I do not doubt, when your sad thoughts will give you leave to recollect, you will find comfort. I heartily pray God you may, and that you may never have the addition of any other loss."

Could worldly distinctions have effaced her sorrow, Lady Russell would have grieved no longer. Honours were showered upon the families of Bedford and Devonshire ; and her own individual character obtained a degree of respect and consideration rarely bestowed upon woman. Dr. Tillotson applied to her for advice concerning his acceptance of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which had been offered him by King William. Dr. Fitzwilliam likewise consulted with her concerning his con-

scientious resignation of preferment under the new government ; and the following letter, from the Duchess of Marlborough, shows how much deference was paid to her opinion : " Regard for the public welfare carried me to advise the Princess to acquiesce in giving King William the crown. However, as I was fearful about everything the princess did, while she was thought to be advised by me, I could not satisfy my own mind till I had consulted with several persons of undisputed wisdom and integrity, and particularly with the Lady Russell of Southampton House and Dr. Tillotson, (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). I found them all unanimous in the expediency of the settlement proposed."

The high opinion the new sovereigns were known to entertain of Lady Russell, produced numerous applications for her patronage and interest. She made very moderate use of this power, as might have been expected from her delicate mind. Addressing Queen Mary in favour of one of Lord Carberry's family, she says, " It is a sensible trouble to me when I do importune your Majesty, yet I do sometimes submit, because I would not be quite useless to such as hope for some benefit by my means, and I desire to do what good I can."

For those who had loved the character, or vindicated the memory of her deceased husband, she exerted herself with the utmost earnestness and perseverance.

The following among several letters from the Queen, proves how kindly her requests were received.

" I am sorry my Lady Russell knows me so little, or judges so wrong of the kindness I have for her, to think she needs make an excuse for writing to me. I shall never think it a trouble to hear from you, and should be very glad to do what you desire ; but as I was wholly unacquainted with the place, and believe there is no great haste in the filling it, so I left all who spoke to me liberty to write for themselves ; so that the King may have disposed of it before I can let him know your desire ; I am persuaded he will be as willing to please you in it as I am myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing

as many others do ; that I lead at present (beside the pain I am continually in for the king) it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither easy nor pleasant : but I see one is not ever to live for one's self ! I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought, till I lost it ; but I must be content with what it pleases God ; and this year I have reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we have some ill to expect from other places.

The King continues, God be praised, very well ; and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle well over.

" I have heard nothing all this while of your petition, which I am sorry for ; wishing for any occasion to show how really I am, and always shall be,

Your very affectionate friend,
Whitehall, July, 1691. " MARIE R."

Lady Russell had now frequent opportunities of retaliating upon those who had persecuted her husband ; or turned a deaf ear to her supplications in the days of her great distress. But her character, with all its strong powers of endurance, had the perfect mildness of a dove. Even in the first outpourings of her anguish, we find no mixture of bitterness toward her enemies. We even find her expressing a hope that God would bless King James, because he allowed a contribution to be taken for the French Protestants. And when Lady Sunderland, wife of the principal minister and adviser of Charles the Second, at the time of Lord Russell's execution, applied to his sorrowing widow for her good offices with the reigning powers, she answers in the kindest manner imaginable, saying, she " pitied her sorrows, and heartily wished her ease." An expression in one of her letters must have touched the feelings of Lady Sunderland ; she says, " So unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at anything of that kind any more."

She thus writes to Lord Halifax, when he was in affliction, alluding to her own misfortunes, and to his ineffectual exertions to assist her at the most mournful period of her life : " For my part, I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that, to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, ' Why should we complain that is taken back which was but lent to us, and lent us for a time, we know ; ' and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for anything unnatural. It is insincere, and I dare say they did dissemble, and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with Almighty power ; but yet, if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad. The Christian religion alone, believe me, my Lord, has the power to make the spirit easy under any great calamity. Nothing less than the hope of being again made happy, can satisfy the mind. I am sure I owe it more, than I could have done to the world, if all the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me. And I do sincerely desire your Lordship may experience the truth of my opinion. If I could form a better wish for your Lordship, your willingness to have made me less miserable than I am, if your power had been equal to your will, engages me to make it ; that alone would have bound me, though my own unworthiness and ill-fortune had let you have forgot me ever after my sad lot. But since you would not do so, it must for ever deserve particular acknowledgment from," &c.

In the midst of prosperity, we find Lady Russell recurring with mournful tenderness to the treasure she had lost. In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, July 21, 1689, she says, " It was an entire affection which was between us ; and no time I believe can waste my sorrow. All I desire is to make it innocent. For the late circumstances in my family, I would have assisted to my power for the procuring thereof, but for any sensible joy at these outward things, I feel none : I think I should if I live to see him a worthy man." In 1690 she writes to Dr. Burnet,

then Bishop of Salisbury, upon the occasion of the death of her half-sister, Lady Montague, and of her nephew, the Earl of Gainsborough. She says, "The one was a just and sincere man, the only son of a sister and friend I loved with too much passion; the other was my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly. After above forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments, as are at present embittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be the matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low: the world does not want me, nor I want that; my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that in some measure kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for me, who look no higher than a quiet submission to my lot, and such pleasures in educating the young folks as surmounts the cares that it will afford."

Lady Russell's health had not sunk under her mental sufferings; she gratefully acknowledges a freedom from bodily pain, "to a degree I almost never knew; not so much as a strong fit of headache have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently." But she now began to feel the approaches of infirmity, particularly in a rapidly increasing weakness of sight. In 1689 she complained a good deal of her difficulty in seeing. It has been reported that she wept herself blind; but this was not the case; the disease in her eyes was a cataract, from which she obtained relief by couching, in 1694. When unable to read, she still continued to write. She seems to have endured the prospect of blindness with the same patient magnanimity, that had ever distinguished her; expressing thanks to God

that he had so long enabled her to enjoy the blessing of eye-sight. She writes, "While I can see at all, I must do a little more than I can when God sees it best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance, which I esteem exceeding profitable and pleasant."—Her letters to her son-in-law, Lord Cavendish, breathe her usual spirit of kindness, good-sense, and piety. In a letter directed to him at Brussels, she says, "Finding you are going farther from us, I must tell you how concernedly my prayers and best wishes attend you. Your return would be a time of more sensible content to me, and yet if I were to dispose of your person, what you are doing should be my choice for you; for to live well in the world, it is for certain most necessary to know the world well. We are under the same protection in all places where we can be. It is very true, the circumstances of our beings do sometimes require our better diligence and watch over ourselves, than at other times; and it is now going to be so with your Lordship: you are launching into the ocean; if you steer wisely, you secure a calm for your whole life; you will discern the vanity of all the pomps and glories of this world; how little intrinsic good there is in the enjoyment! and how uncertain it is how long we shall enjoy that good there is in them! And by observation, you will be made sensible how much below the dignity of human nature it is to gain one's point, let the matter be what it will, by any mean, or insincere way. Having proved all, I hope you will choose the best, and take under your care the whole compass of virtue and religion." At another time she writes, "I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, * very near and dear to me, had not made me utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. * * *

The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear Lord, rather than I whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is that we should all reflect there is no passing

* Lady Montague, and Lord Gainsborough.

through this to a better world, without some crosses ; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended, before we think we have gone half way ; and that a happy eternity depends upon our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation. Live virtuously, my Lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long."

The return of Lord Cavendish from abroad, in 1691, separated her from her elder daughter. During his absence Lady Cavendish resided with her mother ; she was now established with her husband at the house of the Earl of Devonshire. Lady Russell, ever minutely careful in all that related to her children's welfare, wrote a letter to the Mistress of the Robes to Queen Mary, recommending the young Lady Cavendish to her particular attention and advice, adding, " She is unexperienced enough to want it, and never been till now from too fond a mother, I doubt."

In 1692, the Earl of Rutland proposed a marriage between his eldest son and Lord Russell's younger daughter. After allowing some time for the family to form an acquaintance with the young man, the marriage was concluded in the summer of the following year. Thus " little Kate" became Lady Roos, afterward Duchess of Rutland. The wedding festivities, when the bride and bridegroom arrived at their new home, are described by Sir James Forbes, in a letter to Lady Russell, as having been " exceeding magnificent ;" and he says, " Their journey to Belvoir looked more like the progress of a king and queen through their country, than that of a bride and bridegroom going home to their father's house." Lady Russell excused herself from going with all the wedding company to Belvoir, because too much exertion greatly increased the pain in her eyes ; but she soon followed the young couple thither. Dr. Burnet, in allusion to this marriage, says, " Your family is now the greatest in its three branches, that has been in England in our age." In answer to Dr. Fitzwilliam's congratulations, Lady Russell says, " I hope I have done my duty well to my daughters, and that they shall enjoy a lasting happiness ; but above all, my prayer is, that the end of their faith may be the

salvation of their souls : that they may be endued with such graces here, as may fit them for the glories of the state hereafter."

In May, 1694, the Earls of Bedford and Devonshire were advanced to the dignity of Dukes ; Lord Bedford was likewise created Marquis of Tavistock. In the preamble to the patent, the following are some of the reasons given for bestowing these high honours : " That this was not the least, that he was the father of Lord Russell, *the ornament of his age*, whose great merits it was enough to transmit by history to posterity, but they (the King and Queen) were willing to record them in their royal patent, to remain in the family as a monument consecrated to his *consummate virtue*, whose name would never be forgot so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manners, greatness of mind, and a love of their country, constant even to death. Therefore, to solace his excellent father for so great a loss, to celebrate the memory of so noble a son, and to excite his worthy grandson, the heir of such mighty hopes, more cheerfully to emulate and follow the example of his illustrious father, they entailed this high dignity upon the Earl and his posterity."

The following anecdote illustrates Lady Russell's self-possession and equanimity of temper. Even in our own days few would have been so calm under such circumstances ; and we must remember that, a century and a half ago, people were abundantly more superstitious.

" As I was reading in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, a hissing fire ran on the floor, and after a short time left some paper in a flame, which with my foot I put into the chimney to prevent mischief ; then sat down in the dark to consider whence this event could come. I knew my doors and windows were fast, and there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney ; and that something should come down there, and strike my candle off the table in that strange manner, I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself with thinking to no purpose, I rang my bell ; the servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged pardon for having by mistake given

me a candle, with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport among the fellow-servants on a rejoicing day." Her ladyship bid him not to be troubled at the matter, for she had no other concern about it, than that of not finding out the cause.

While Lord Tavistock was as yet but thirteen years old, his mother received proposals from Sir Josiah Child, for marrying him to his grand-daughter, the Lady Henrietta Somerset, giving as a reason, "I desire so great a fortune as God's providence has cast upon her may fall into the best and most pious noble family I know, for such I esteem my Lord Bedford's to be."*

We are not informed why these proposals were not accepted. Two years afterward, Lady Russell contracted a marriage for her son with Miss Howland, another grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Child, in whose character and education she seems to have taken as much interest as she could have done in that of her own daughter. In a letter to the young lady's mother, speaking of some masters who had attended her, she writes—"Though I confess fashion, and those other accomplishments that are perhaps over-rated by the world, and that I esteem but as dross, and as a shadow in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body, as grace is to the mind; and I wish and do more than that, for I pray constantly she may be a perfect creature, both in body and mind." The marriage had not taken place but a few months, and the young Lord Tavistock was still under the care of a private tutor, preparing for Oxford University, when, in October 1695, Lady Russell was urged to consent that he should stand as member for Parliament;—to make the proposal more flattering, permission was asked to drop the newly-acquired title of Marquis of Tavistock on the day of election, and present him to the county under the popular and beloved appellation of Lord Russell. The young nobleman was but fifteen years of age; and his judicious mother

* The Russell family have always been the friends of freedom. The present Lord John Russell, the great advocate for Reform in the British Parliament, is a direct descendant of Lord William Russell.

at once decided that such a premature entry into public life would be likely to ruin his character and happiness.

During Lord Tavistock's stay at the University, Lady Russell occasionally resided there, for the purpose of maintaining the entire and confidential friendship, which had ever existed between her and her son. At the age of seventeen, the young heir to so many honours and so much wealth was sent abroad to perfect his education. His aged grandfather parted from him with extreme reluctance, though he seems to have entirely approved the arrangements made by Lady Russell;—indeed, in the boy's infancy, she had said, "I shall always take my Lord Bedford along with me in every thing that concerns the child."

Lord Tavistock's numerous letters to his mother are said to give a favourable opinion of the young man's desire to inform himself, and to profit by foreign society; and, above all, of his affection, deference, and unlimited confidence in his mother. Her letters to him, while abroad, are not preserved.

Lady Russell seems to have entertained some fears of his love for play, before he left England; for in a letter from the Hague, he assures her she has no grounds, and never shall have, for such anxiety. But a young man so much flattered, and the heir of such a princely income, must have been more than human had he not been guilty of some of the follies incident to his age and situation. We accordingly find that he made expensive presents without the knowledge of his governor, and lost very considerable sums at play. In his difficulties he appeals directly to his mother's indulgence. He says, "If your Ladyship did but know a little part of the grief I suffer, I am sure you would forgive me; and if I did not think you would, I could not bear it." After owning that he was living at great expense, he tells her—"But then it is certain that the honours I have received here (at Rome) are so very extraordinary, that the expense could not be less. It is undoubtedly much for the honour of the family: as for myself, I think I deserve nothing, since I am capable of afflicting your Ladyship."

* * * If you did but know my thoughts,

and half the trouble that I am in, I am certain your Ladyship would grant what I desire. I will yet come home to be a comfort to your Ladyship, and make you easy; and so follow, in some things, I hope at least, the steps of my good father."

Lady Russell did not, however, know of the amount of her son's losses at play till he returned to England in the year 1699. The sum was so considerable, as to oblige her to apply to the Earl of Bedford to assist her as a security in raising the money. The considerate manner in which she addresses the old man, and speaks of the errors of the young, in her letter on this subject, is a sufficient reason for the affectionate confidence placed in her by both.

In the year 1700 the Earl of Bedford died, and Lord Tavistock succeeded to his title and estates. Her letter to her son a few years after this event, shows how clearly she perceived his true interests, and how much more she cared for his advancement in holiness, than for all the fleeting dignities of this transient life.

LADY RUSSELL TO HER SON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Stratton, July 1706.

"When I take my pen to write this, I am, by the goodness and mercy of God, in a moderate and easy state of health—a blessing I have thankfully felt through the course of a long life, which (with a much greater help) the contemplation of a more durable state has maintained and upheld me through varieties of providences and conditions of life. But all the delights and sorrows of this mixed state must end; and I feel the decays that attend old age creep so fast upon me, that although I may yet get over some more years, however, I ought to make it my frequent meditation, that the day is near when this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, and my immortal spirit be received into that place of purity where no unclean thing can enter, there to sing eternal praises to the great Creator of all things. With the Psalmist, I believe, 'at his right hand are pleasures for evermore;' and what is good and of eternal duration,

must be joyful above what we can conceive,—as what is evil and of like duration, must be despairingly miserable. And now, my dear child, I pray, I beseech you, I conjure you, my loved son, consider what there is of felicity in this world, that can compensate the hazard of losing an everlasting easy being; and then deliberately weigh, whether or no the delights and gratifications of a vicious or idle course of life are such, that a wise or thoughtful man would choose or submit to. Again, fancy its enjoyments at the height imagination can propose or suggest (which yet rarely or never happens, or if it does, as a vapour, soon vanishes); but let us grant it could, and last fourscore years, is this more than the quickest thought to eternity? Oh, my child, fix on that word—eternity! Old Hobbs, with all his fancied strength of reason, could never endure to rest or stay upon that thought, but ran from it to some miserable amusement. I remember to have read of some man, who, reading in the Bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground,—the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word *eternity*, which so struck upon his mind, that he, from a bad liver, became a most holy man. Certainly, nothing beside the belief of reward and punishment can make a man truly happy in this life, at his death, and after death. Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last—peace in the evening of each day—peace in the day of death—and peace after death. For my own part, I apprehend I should not much care (if free from pain) what my portion in this world was, if a life to continue, perhaps one year, or twenty, or eighty; but then to be dust, not to know or be known any more,—this is a thought has something of horror in it to me, and always had, and would make me careless if it were to be long or short: but to live, to die—to live again, has a joy in it, and how inexpressible is that joy if we secure an humble hope to live ever happily; and this we may do, if we take care to live agreeably to our rational faculties, which also best secures health, strength, and peace of mind, the greatest blessings on earth. Believe the Word of God, the Holy

Scriptures, the promises and threats contained in them; and what most obstructs our doing so, I am persuaded, is fear of punishment. Look up to the firmament and down to the deep; how can any doubt a Divine power? Then, why an infidel in the world? And if not such, who then would hazard a future state for the pleasure of sin a few days? No wise man, and indeed no man that lives and would deserve to see good days; for the laws of God are grateful. In his Gospel, the terrors of his majesty are laid aside, and he speaks in the still, soft voice of his Son incarnate, the fountain and spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, and love, and hope should dwell. The idolatrous heathen performed their worship with trouble and terror; but a Christian, and a good liver, with a merry heart and lightsome spirit: for examine and consider well, where is the hardship of a virtuous life? (when we have moderated our irregular habits and passions, and subdued them to the obedience of reason and religion.) We are free to all the innocent gratifications and delights of life; and we may lawfully, nay further, I say, we ought to rejoice in this beautiful world, and all the conveniences and provisions, even for pleasure, we find in it, and which, in much goodness, is afforded us to sweeten and allay the labours and troubles incident to this mortal state, nay inseparable, I believe, by disappointments, cross-accidents, bad health, unkind return for good deeds, mistakes even among friends, and, what is most touching, death of friends. But, in the worst of these calamities, the thought of a happy eternity does not alone support, but also revive the spirit of man; and he goeth forth to his labour with inward comfort, till the evening of his day, (that is, his life on earth,) and, with the Psalmist, cries out, 'I will consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst so regard him? Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory.' Here is matter of praise and gladness. 'The fool,' as

the Psalmist expresses it, 'hath said in his heart, there is no God.' Or let us consider the man, who is content to own an invisible power, yet tries to believe that when man has done living on this earth, he lives no more; but I would ask, if any of these unhappy creatures are fully persuaded, or that there does not remain in those men, at times, (as in sickness or sober thoughtfulness,) some suspicion or doubt that it may be other than they try to think. And although they may, to shun such a thought, or be rid of such a contemplation, run away from it to some unprofitable diversion, or perhaps suffer themselves to be rallied out of such a thought, so destructive to the way they walk in; yet, to be sure, that man does not feel the peace and tranquillity he does, who believes a future state, and is a good man. For although this good man, when his mind may be clouded with some calamity very grievous to him, or the disorder of vapours to a melancholy temper, I say, if he is tempted to some suspicion than it is possible it may be other than he believes, (pray observe), such a surmise or thought, nay the belief, cannot drive him to any horror: he fears no evil, because he is a good man, and with his life all sorrow ends too,—therefore it is not to be denied, he is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavours to keep God's laws. First, his mind is in peace and tranquillity,—he walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right: Secondly, he is secure; God is his friend, that Infinite Being, and he has said, 'Come unto me ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy;' but guilt is certainly a heavy load—it sinks and damps the spirits. 'A wounded spirit, who can bear!' and the evil subtle spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair; but godliness makes a cheerful heart. Now, O man! let not past errors discourage. Who lives and sins not? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner; but full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they will cease from doing evil and learn to do well—pray for grace to repent, and endeavour, with that measure which will be given, if sincerely asked for; for at what time soever a sinner repents, (but observe

this is no license to sin, because at any time we may repent,) for that day we may not live to see; and so, like the fool in the parable, our lamps be untrimmed when we are called upon. Remember, that to forsake vice is the beginning of virtue; and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind and a cheerful spirit. He (the virtuous man) rejoiceth with a friend in the good things he enjoys,—bears not the reproaches of any,—no evil spirit can approach to hurt him here, or accuse him in the great day of the Lord, when every soul shall be judged according as they have done good or evil. O blessed state! fit for life, fit for death! In this good state I wish and pray for all mankind; but most particularly, and with all the ardour I am capable of, for those I have brought into the world, and those dear to them. Thus are my fervent and frequent prayers directed—that you may die the death of the righteous, and, to this end, that Almighty God would endue you all with spiritual wisdom to discern what is pleasing in his sight.”

Now that Lady Russell saw her beloved son established in all the honours of his family, happy in the wife she had chosen for him, and the father of several children, it seemed as if her sorrows were well nigh over. But she was doomed to suffer yet more in her strongest affections. Neither inoculation nor vaccine were known in those times; the Duke of Bedford caught the small-pox naturally, and died May 26, 1711, in the 31st year of his age. He left three sons and two daughters. His wife was obliged to fly from him, for the safety of her children; but his aged mother was at his bed-side, soothing his last moments, and pointing his thoughts to heaven. A short time after this afflicting event, she thus writes to her cousin Rouvigny, Earl of Galway:—

“Alas! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should. I did not know the greatness of my love to his person, till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure, with time, relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the goodness, which hath

no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace, to rest contented with what his unerring Providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts; towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained that he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her; said something to me, and my double kindness to his wife; and so died away, there seemed no reluctance to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loath to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers; I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman,

“R. RUSSELL.”

FROM BISHOP BURNET TO LADY RUSSELL.

Salisbury, May 30, 1711.

“I cannot keep myself from writing, though I cannot tell how to express the deep sense I have of this new heavy stroke, with which God is trying your faith and patience. To lose the only son of such a father, who was become so truly his son in all respects, is, indeed, anew opening a deep wound, which God had, by many special providences, for several years, been binding up and healing. But now you will see whether you can truly say, ‘not my will, but thy will be done.’ For God’s sake, do not abandon yourself once more into a deep, inconsolable melancholy; rouse up the spirit God has given you, and say, ‘The Lord has given, the Lord has taken; blessed be the name of the Lord.’ When God took his blessed father, he was left as a branch to spring up in his stead: now God has taken him; but the branches

are left in whom he is to live again. Remember you are now much older than when you suffered yourself to sink so much under a great, though a just load. You cannot now stand under what you bore then: and you do not know but that, as God has helped you in so eminent a manner to do your duty to your own children, he may yet have a great deal for you to do to your children's children; and therefore study to compose your spirits into a resignation to the holy will of God, and see what remains for you yet to be done, before your course is finished. I could not help giving this vent to that true and hearty concern I have in every thing that touches you in so tender a part. I can do no more but follow this with my most earnest prayers to the God of all comfort, for you and all yours, more particularly for the sweet remnants of him, whom God has taken to himself.

"I am, beyond all expression, madam, &c."

Lady Russell was destined to survive nearly all whom she had loved most dearly. In the November following, her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, after having been the mother of nine children, died in childhood. No letters from her mother, concerning this event, are preserved. But even at this advanced age, and tried as she had been with so many and recent afflictions, Lady Russell gave another remarkable proof of her power of commanding her own feelings for the good of others. Her elder daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was at the same time in a situation similar to that which had cost her sister's life. When she anxiously inquired concerning the health of the Duchess of Rutland, her strong-hearted mother, anxious to avoid the consequences that might result from her hearing the tidings too suddenly, calmly replied, "I have seen your sister out of her bed to-day,"—when, in fact, she was in her coffin.

Within a very few months after the death of Lady Russell's daughter, the Duke of Rutland married again. This circumstance must have been painful to the sensitive mother; but like all other trials, it only served to bring out new beauties in a character, that seems to have been

as nearly perfect as our nature is capable of being. The following letter shows how indulgent she was to the feelings and weaknesses of others.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

"MY LORD,—I have been for some weeks often resolved, and as soon unresolved, if I would or would not engage upon a subject I cannot speak to without some emotion; but I cannot suffer your being a stranger to any that very near concerns me. Yet before I could dispose myself to do it, concluded the article not a secret to you, such care having by one side been taken, as to let it be a visiting day affair, whether or not the Duke of Rutland had not fixed a second choice? Perhaps as proper to call it the first; for when marriages are so very early, it is accepting rather than choosing, on either side. But Lord Rutland, to the end of my good child's life, has so well approved of the choice, in all and every respect, and now that she is no more, has, with very deliberate consideration, as soon as he composed his mind to think, first taken care to inquire, and be truly informed what powers he had to do for his children; and then, by the strictest rules of justice and impartial kindness, settled every younger child's portion, by adding to what they had before. As it is to me the most solid instance of his respect and love he can now give to her memory, and being, I believe it, done with an honest sincerity, and true value of her, and all her virtues, I conceive it would be wrong in me to take offence at some circumstances the censorious part of the town will be sure to do, and refine upon for the sake of talk. I miss the hearing by seeing few, and not answering questions.

"The first notice I had of his intention was by Mr. Charlton, and I really believed that was, as soon as he had given himself his own consent. He told me he found him under great unquietness, when he acquainted him with his thoughts, who said, he was under all the anxieties a man could feel how to break it to me, though it was then but a thought of his own, yet so much he would not conceal from me. Mr. Charlton undertook to

tell me, and I did as soon resolve to let it pass, as easy between him and me, as I could, by bidding Mr. Charlton let him know I would begin to him. I did so, which put us both in some disorder, but I believe he took, as I meant it, kindly. A decency in time was all I expected."

In 1718, she writes, "My very long acquaintance, Lady Essex, is no longer of this world; but not to be lamented in relation to herself, being certainly sincerely devout, in those points we ought to make our biggest care." Lady Russell was now eighty-two years old; and many of her cotemporaries, as well as many a one whose course had begun long after hers, had gone away rapidly, one after another, and left her almost alone in this vale of tears. Yet we find her to the last, keeping up a constant and affectionate intercourse with her daughter, her grandchildren, her nieces, and her friends. She was interested in their happiness, sympathized with their sorrows, and her advice was always sought for, when difficulties of any kind arose. Indeed the conscientious Lady Russell seems herself to have been the only one in the world who ever discovered that she had any faults.

The following charges against herself were found among her papers.

"Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord! in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud, not enduring to slights and neglects, subject to envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry with, and without cause too often; and by it may have grieved those that desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naught heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants. I heartily lament my sin. But, alas! in my most dear husband's troubles, seeking help from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future comfort and consolation—the more

faulty in me, having three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself both then, and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only son, in 1711.

"If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy let it not be imputed as sin in me! His death was a piercing sorrow to me, yet thou hast supported me, Lord! even in a very old age, and freer from bodily pain and sickness than most feel—I desire thankfully to recollect. Alas! from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did, and ready to take or seek cause to be absent at the public ones. Even after a sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well. Yet, at the same time, ready to give ear to reports, and possibly to malicious ones, and telling my mother-in-law to please her. At seventeen years of age was married; continued too often being absent at the public prayers, taking very slight causes to be so, liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town, as the Park, visiting, plays, and trifling away my precious time. At our return to London, I can recollect that I would choose upon a Sunday to go to church at Lord B's., where the sermon would be short, a great dinner, and after, worldly talk; when, at my father's, the sermon was longer, and discourse more edifying. And too much after the same way, I much fear, at my several returns to Wales and England. In the year 1665, was brought to bed of my first child; with him too indulging I fear to get strength soon, and spend my time as before, much with my loved sisters; I doubt not heedful, or not enough so, my servants went to church, if I did, or did not go myself.

"Some time after in London, and then with my father's wife at Tunbridge, and after with her at Bath, gave too much of my time to carelessly indulging in idleness. At Bath, too well contented to follow the common way of passing the time in diversion, and think-

ing but little what was serious ; considering more health of body, than that of my soul. Forgive my heaviness and sloth in spirituals, for Christ Jesus' sake.

" After this, I must still accuse myself that sometimes in Wales, and other times in England, my care in good has not suited to my duty, not with the active and devout heart and mind I should in the evening have praised thee, my God, for the mercies of the past day, and recollected my evil doings, or omissions of doing good in my power. Not in the morning carefully fixing my will and purpose to pass the day pleasing in thy sight, and giving good example to man, particularly such as under my care ; more especially after my second marriage, forgetting by whose blessing I was so happy, consuming too much time with him." * * *

[*The end wanting.*]

Lady Russell, after a few days' illness, during which she was attended by the Duchess of Devonshire, died September 29th, 1723, in her 87th year. She survived her beloved husband forty years—a weary pilgrimage for one whose heart was ever with him. Blessed be God, we believe in a heavenly home, where her pure and quiet spirit has gone to enjoy an eternal union.

" In the history of her country, her name will ever be embalmed with her Lord's, while passive courage, devoted tenderness, and unblemished purity are honoured in one sex, or public patriotism, private virtues, and unshaken principles revered in the other."

NOTE.

LIST OF BOOKS REFERRED TO.

- Lady Russell's Letters, from originals belonging to the Duke of Devonshire ; with some account of her Life.
 Lady Russell's Letters, from originals in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, with minutes of Lord Russell's Trial.
 Hume's History of England.
 Burnet's History of his Own Times.
 La Biographie Universelle.

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